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XXVI.

A Horrible Day on a Hungarian Railroad—The Hungarians on the Route—A Horse Fair—Comorn—Raab—Stuhlweissenburg, a Sample Hungarian Village—A Hungarian Village Residence—The Male Hungarian—His Business Habits—Likewise the Hungarian Women.

A desperately dismal day, the air thick with snow, not the pleasant big flakes that herald the approach of a kindly sort of Winter, but a fierce, driving snow, which whirled and swirled angrily, as though it had a spite at the earth and all things upon it—a snow which came from all directions and went everywhere in the air, instead of falling to the ground as well-conducted snow should, and a wind which whistled angrily and cut like so many knives. This was the kind of a day that fate gave us to go from Vienna, the beautiful, into Hungary, the unknown.

The train was probably the slowest that was ever pulled by steam. It was three-fourths freight and one-fourth passenger, and stopped everywhere.

I remember me the old strap road between Findlay and Carey, in Ohio, the last strap road in the Northern States, a train requiring four hours, if everything went well, to accomplish 16 miles, which went well, to accomplish 16 miles, which stopped anywhere and everywhere to take on freight or passengers. I remember Ford, the conductor, who was signaled once by an old woman who wanted to take two dozen of eggs to Vanlue to trade for tea, who said to Conductor Ford that she had one dozen and eleven, "and the hen was on," and that he should wait till the other was laid, and he did it.

It was about the same on this train, only we had 155 miles to make, instead of 16. It was 6 in the morning when we pulled out of the station in Vienna—it was 8 at night when we pulled into the station at the little Village of Stuhlweissenburg, Hungary.

But that miserable day was full of interest. We were in a new world. We passed over an immense plain, as flat and monotonous as an Illinois prairie, rolling slightly, just enough to let the surface water off into sluggish creeks, thick with miserable Villages, and inhabited by the queerest-looking mortals it has been our fortune to see. We came to a country where young women are ravishly beautiful, and the middle-aged and old ones exceedingly homely, a country the people of which are perfectly Oriental in face, feature and figure—where everything has a semi-barbarous look. You find yourself among a people who delight in high colors and startling contrasts—a restless, lithe and chick-eyed people. You need no Murray or Baedecker to assure you that they are Oriental in origin, and that this is

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF GYPSYDOM.

You begin to see men in tight breeches, with boots that fit the calf tightly, and come to the knee; the farmer, with an immense overcoat made of the skins of sheep tanned with the wool on; the dweller in the villages, in tight breeches, with curious patches cut into fanciful figures sewed on the leg, always a button of another color in the center of the patch, and invariably a velvet vest or waistcoat of some brilliant hue. You see everybody with peculiar hats, with all sorts of feathers in them, and women, dressed in as many colors as is possible to crowd into a dress, the handkerchief about the throat and the half-turban about the head, of the brightest colors the dyer's skill makes possible.

You see the most squalid and uncomfortable houses that Europe has, except it be in Ireland, and the finest horses. If it is a draft-horse, there is but one breed better in Europe, and that is the Norman used in England; if it is a riding or carriage horse, it is the finest limbed, and the sleekest and most beautiful the eye ever rested upon. And they are ridden and driven in a manner that does credit to their breeding. It is no slow walk or gentle amble that they take. It is a breakneck pace, a run, or a gallop, such as the Indian on our plains delights in.

We passed directly through the great fortress of Comorn, which covers both banks of the Danube, at the point of a great island, the strongest fortress in Europe. It is miles in extent, and has been rebuilt to meet the requirements of the times, and is armed with the latest and most approved styles of men-killing and property-destroying weapons. The road passes right through it on the left bank of the river. It was built originally as a defense against the Turks, and is now maintained to guard the Danube, which at this point is large enough for very large vessels. It is a very strong position, topographically, and affords perfect protection against any water approach to the capital.

A HORSE AND CATTLE MARKET.

At Raab, about half-way, we had two hours (I believe there was a freight car to unload) and fortunately that day was the culminating day of the horse and cattle market held there four times a year. In a vast enclosure near the station were 5,000 horses exposed for sale, and as many more cattle and pigs. The horses were of all kinds, the sellers were the breeders of that part of Hungary, and the buyers were from all over the world. The English jockey was there to pick up racing stock, the dealer from Vienna and Paris was there for carriage and draft horses, and even Americans were there to buy stallions for the improvement of their stock.

Your interest was divided between the horses and their keepers. The latter were as a rule, rather tall men, slender, lithe and wiry, with long and artistically curled mustaches, and arrayed in short coats, fur-trimmed and covered with braid, tight breeches, fitting closely to the figure with boots reaching to the knee, the whole surmounted with a fur, or imitation, fur cap. They were of the true Hungarian type. They had always long black hair, quick, black, restless eyes, and the peculiar shape of face that showed the Oriental origin that never fades out entirely, and changes but little in centuries. Their eyes are something marvelous. They are quick, restless and ever-changing, the kind of eyes that in a state of nature are always on the look-out, in war for an enemy, and in peace for somebody to swindle.

They are splendid horsemen, excellent breeders, splendid trainers and magnificent riders. No American Indian can throw himself upon a horse more recklessly, or ride with such an abandon. At Raab that day there was no time that you could not see an hundred of them showing the paces of their stock. They would urge their horses into a break-neck run, turn him in every possible way with a pressure of the knee, and the slightest touch of the rein, stop him in a breath, when at the wildest gallop, ride him in circles, zig-zags, and make him lie down, and rise up, and do everything that the highest training on the part of the human half-horse, and the highest intelligence on the part of the horse made possible.

THE HORSES,

that is the riding and carriage horses, were all beautifully formed animals, with perfectly proportioned bodies, and legs and feet as shapely as a woman's. Not being a horseman I cannot describe them, but no one with any appreciation of the beautiful could not help admiring these horses if he had ever seen a horse before.

The Hungarian cattle are all with immense horns, something like our very tough Texas animals, and are about as wild. The hogs are immense in size, and instead of the stiff bristles that ornament their American cousins have a sort of very coarse, curly wool. They are short in the body, very tall, and are easily fattened. They make excellent pork, and the Hungarian cook is very skillful in torturing it into many shapes for the table.

MONARCHY AND POVERTY.

From Raab on the country is the same, without variation, a dull, heavy, flat plain, with here and there a miserable farm-house, surrounded with clumsily arranged and ill-contrived out-houses, (these, however, better and more commodious than the dwellings of the people.) Villages only one degree better than the wretched Villages in Ireland, horrible roads, with many clumsy vehicles on them drawn by oxen, and driven by barefooted men and women, clad in sheep-skins, tanned with the wool on, and all long-haired and wild-eyed. We know by the appearance of the people and the wretchedness of the houses they live in, that we are still in a country blessed with an Emperor and nobility. Royalty and barefeet are inseparable. The castles and villas of the nobility are away from the railroad. We had an English jockey with us who was on his way to the horse department of the great Esterhazy. He had eight famous running horses on the train with him, and eight grooms, and he informed us that the Count kept, all the time, 160 of the best running horses in the world, and that he had been on every race track in Europe. The Count was a very liberal man, and didn't care for winning or losing. He paid everybody in a princely way and lavished money right and left, which, as his estates were larger than a County in Iowa, he could well afford to do, even in their present crippled condition. His tenants, however, were all barefooted even in the inclement snowy November weather. At seven o'clock of the worst day we had ever experienced we pulled into the station of Stuhlweissenburg, a little village in Hungary, about 136 miles east of Vienna, and hurried to a curious, though not uncomfortable, hotel, "The King of Hungary." Bad as it was it was a relief after the terrible day on the slowest train any American every traveled upon, in any country, and by contrast seemed a palace. There was light and warmth anyway, and *that is* something. Inasmuch as Austrian cars are heated, no matter what the weather may be, only with a great tube of hot water under your feet, which first cools and then freezes, it was something to get away from the iceberg under you, and get into a room where a queer stove threw out some heat, and a tallow candle gave enough light to make the darkness visible. Those hot-water tanks are refilled once between Vienna and Stuhlweissenburg, which is to say once in 6½ hours. For the first hour it is something of a comfort, afterward a torture, for your feet must rest upon them, and they are icy cold.

A HUNGARIAN VILLAGE.

Stuhlweissenburg is a Village of perhaps 25,000 people. In America it would be a city, but in Hungary it is a Village, and properly one. It is a Village in every respect. The streets are narrow, crooked and wretchedly paved, there are no side-walks to speak of. The houses are nine-tenths of them but one story, and date back hundreds of years, the hotels are two stories in hight and there are one or two buildings of recent date, owned by Jews, of three stories.

The business part of the Village is all on two streets, and consists of perhaps 50 of the most wretched and insignificant shops (there are two or three respectable dry goods concerns conducted by Jews), the average value of the goods in each not amounting to $100. The population is purely agricultural. Away from the two principal streets are long rows and straggling rows of dwellings, all alike, inhabited by farmers who reside in the Village, where beer-halls and spirit-shops are convenient, and go out to work their lands miles away. It is in Hungary as in Germany—the farmers congregate in Villages rather than live on their land.

Stuhlweissenburg has its little pride, the same as all places in Europe. Insignificant as it now is, the dwelling-place only of 20,000 farmers, it was once the place where the Kings of Hungary were crowned, which continued from the first King down to Ferdinand I., and even now it has a Bishop, who has a cathedral with pictures and a guide who wants to earn a few kreutzers by showing it to you, and a palace, and any number of sleek, well-fed priests in attendance. It has a statue of the Hungarian poet Vorosmarthy, whoever he might have been, and there are tombs of old Roman worthies whose names have gone into a more perfect cemetery than the ones their bodies repose in—oblivion. However, so long as a Stuhlweissenburger can say that Kings were once crowned there, and that they have Roman bones, he feels that his Village is not entirely without interest.

A WELL-TO-DO HUNGARIAN HOUSE.

The house of the well-to-do man in a Hungarian Village of this class is a very simple affair. It is always one story in hight, with a steep roof of tiles. The space under the roof which equals that of the rooms below, is utilized for storing supplies, and things known as "lumber," which are not good enough to use and too good to throw away. The front wall is always flush with the side-walk, and there are no doors in the front, the entrance to the premises being by a gate at the side, and a door in the rear.

In the front, ranging along the street are three large rooms, 25 feet square, connected by doors, one of which is the parlor, the next the family bedroom, and the third the dining room. From the dining room running back perhaps 200 feet to the rear of the grounds, is a long, one-story structure, the children's sleeping rooms being first, then the kitchens, then the fuel room, then the stables and other out-houses.

The house and stables occupy the end and one side of an oblong square of say 80x200 feet, the space not covered by buildings being the garden. The buildings make a perfect wall for two sides. As the house adjoining walls in the other side, and very high and thick walls protect the front and rear, the premises are entirely safe from impertinent curiosity, and are as well guarded as a nunnery.

It would be possible for dwellings to be constructed in a more inconvenient and uncomfortable style, but to do it would require a very skilful architect, who would have to give his whole mind to it. To go from your parlor to your dining-room you pass through your bedroom, and to go from your kitchen to your dining-room you go out of doors. There is never a carpet upon any of the floors, a long strip of matting passing through the three front rooms and a rug under the center table in the parlor, comprising all there is of that kind of furnishing. The furniture is simple and inexpensive, though as a rule comfortable and tasteful. The beds are the infernal German contrivances, a feather bed under you and another feather bed over you, the one over being lighter than the one under, and a bedstead always too short. During the night the upper feather affair, which is your sole covering, always slips off you, which, with the thermometer at zero, makes sleeping with any comfort, impossible. However, the people here manage somehow. There being no carpet on the floor, getting into bed at night and getting out in the morning is a disagreeable operation.

Mr. Tibbitts found it so uncomfortable that after he made the acquaintance of some Hungarian officers he did not go to bed at all, obviating thereby the necessity of rising. Pledging the officers in English and they pledging him in Hungarian or Croatian or Wallachian, in the terribly strong wine of the country, was a most cheerful sight and an instructive. They obtained no advantage over him, however. He says his Oshkosh education has been of great advantage to him over here.

HUNGARIAN MEN AND THEIR CLOTHES.

The Hungarians, the male portion, are splendid fellows in some respects and not so splendid in others. They are as active as cats, but their frames do not show the strength of the German, Hollander or Englishman. Their faces are thin, hair almost always black, teeth very white and regular, and eyes as quick and restless as those of a bird of prey.

Their dress is picturesque to a degree. If a hat is worn, it invariably has a short feather of some sort in one side, and if a cap it is turban shaped, and flat on the top. The under coat is short, coming only a little below the waist, an elongated jacket with a waist, and is braided all over the front and down the back with braid in fanciful designs. The trowsers are tight to the person, with braid in front over the pockets, and the leg terminates in a boot that reaches to the knee in which the tight trowsers disappear.

Mr. Tibbitts remarked that this double-breasted coat, buttoned to the throat, would be excellent anywhere, as it would save laundry bills, whereupon The Young Man Who Knows Everything remarked promptly that were the vest cut high enough no one could tell by the collar and cuffs what kind of a shirt was under it. Mr. Tibbitts, saying that that would apply as well in morals as in linen, made a memorandum of it to be worked into his Dam-Fool Guide.

The overcoat in the Winter of the wealthy comes to the feet, has an enormous hood, and is always of a very heavy cloth, and lined with fur. The farmers have overcoats of the same shape, of sheep-skin tanned with the wool. For carriage or railroad travel they have enormous fur or sheep-skin boots, which they pull over the ordinary boot, with a fur cap covering everything but the nose and mouth. With this enormous overcoat and these very comfortable boots, a Hungarian may bid even his severe climate defiance.

In business the Hungarian is not the most reliable being in the world, nor the most honest. He is a very liberal man in promises, but wo to the business man who trusts them, unless he is so fixed as to be independent of them. To let a note go to protest don't hurt their feelings at all—that is the feelings of the man who owes the money,—and in trade transactions a contract cannot be made so explicit that misunderstanding and troubles do not result when the time comes for settlement, the troubles being always raised by the man who has the money to pay. There is not that sacred regard for truth that obtains among the English and German-speaking people, and there is a general looseness that makes it very difficult to do business with them. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but the trait is so common that the regular thing is to have the money paid before the goods are delivered. It is considered the safest.

WOMEN OF HUNGARY.

The women of Hungary are the most magnificent specimens we have yet encountered. They are tall, stately creatures, with figures that the women of no other country yet explored possess. They have generally black, or dark brown, hair, regular features, with a complexion that is a delight to look upon. It is not the startling red and white of the English woman, but a delicate pink tint that shades off into a pearly white the blending so delicate that it is impossible to determine where the red ends and the white begins. Their lips are invariably red, a healthy, natural red, and their teeth always regular and of dazzling whiteness, their necks as graceful as a swan's, their busts magnificent, their waists small, naturally, not artificially so, hands and feet very small, and always exquisitely dressed. In two weeks in Stuhlweissenburg we did not see a homely girl, or one that would not attract attention on Broadway. Even the peasant girls in their enormous boots—the peasant women all wear boots the same as men—the figures and faces were pretty.

In the Villages the dress is Parisian, with slight modifications, but the peasant women still dress in the old national style. Gaudy handkerchiefs make their head covering, and they wear an enormous number of petticoats, which swell out from below the waist like balloons. Their dresses are very short, coming just below the knees, and large, clumsy, leather boots in Winter, and bare feet and legs in the Summer, complete the toilet.

The Hungarian woman, however, like all Oriental races, does not hold her beauty. She begins to break at 30, and breaks terribly. There is no shading off into old age and its accompaniments, no twilight in her life. There is not that coming of admonitory wrinkles, one at a time, not that gradual coming of seriousness, the first faint reach of the shadow of death, not the gray hair now and then as long before warnings that life is not forever, not the gradual loss of color, not the increasing slowness of movement which in itself commands respect, not the gradual loss of one beauty which is supplied by another. The Hungarian woman has none of this middle-life. The beautiful old women of America, England and Germany are nowhere seen. She is beautiful up to a certain point in her life, and then ugly all at once. A woman in Hungary is as old at 40 as an American at 60, and she knows it. When her time comes she abdicates in favor of her daughters and accepts her place without a murmur. All of which goes to show that there are compensations in life. The women of America are not so delightful, physically, in their youth. They have a thousand times better middle, and a far more preferable old age. No one human being can have everything.

How Drew Would Do.

From the Wall Street News.

About the time that Daniel Drew began his Wall street career he was up in the country one time to visit some friends, and two farmers called upon him to decide a case. One had sold the other five bushels of wheat, and proposed to measure it in a half bushel, and sweep the top of a measure with a stick. The other objected, and Uncle Daniel was asked to decide.

"Well, legally speaking, a bushel is only a bushel," he answered.

"And can the measure be swept off?"

"I think it can."

"What with?"

"Well, if I was selling wheat I should probably use half the head of a flour barrel."

"Which edge of it?"

"Gentlemen, that is a point I cannot now decide on," sighed the old man. "If I was selling to a widow or a preacher I am certain that I should sweep the measure with the straight edge, but if I was selling to a man who pastures his cows in the road and his pigs in his neighbor's corn, I'm afraid I should use the circular side, and scoop a little to boot."

Half-way Anyhow!

"You're getting quite bald, old man; you try rum." "Rum! So I have. I've bought gallons of it." "Ah, I see; but then, p'raps, you could never get it any higher than your mouth!"

For the Blade.

MARY.

BY MOSS ROSE.

CANTO 2ND—(CONTINUED.)

She his distorted visage saw,
And half in fear, and half in awe,
She strove to speak a word of cheer,
And softly whispered, "Father, dear,
From such a wish may Jesus save.
Should thoughts of God thus bid you rave,"

"My child," he said, "your task begin,
My daughter, hand your wheel and spin,
As woman never spun before.
And may such need be never more.
For know that one whole regiment,
The last one to that dark field sent,
Is destitute to-day.
The pampered cattle in their pens,
The wild beasts in their forest dens,
Fare better far than they.

The brave, and true, my child,
O, leave me, leave me still alone,
The sins, and woes are all my own.
Your questions drive me wild."

"O, send me not away,
She cried, "for I long to know
What were the sins; what is the woe;
I pray you let me stay."

"O, tell me, father dear,
Where is my mother, whither fled?
O, is she living, is she dead?
Often she seems so near."

And she knelt at his feet;
"The sins and woes, O, I will pray
To God to take them all away."
Her voice was low and sweet.

"I cannot do my task
Till what I seek to know you tell;
O, tell me, father loved so well,
Answer to what I ask.

"O, tell me of the past,
And let me share your grief and woe,
O, of my mother I would know,
And what the woe that cast

Us two so far away!
Father and child, us two alone!
From friends and kindred we had known,
O, tell me, if you may.

"I fain would know, and why
You wander through the forest aisles;
When Winter reigns, when Summer smiles,
While weary months go by?"

"Is this a time," he said, "for tears;
For woman's whims, for woman's fears—
To sit and sigh in shadows cast,
By giant oaks the past?
We two are where, and what we are.
The evil near, the good afar.
Then let us gird our resolves to-day,
And toil and hope as best we may.
We will forget the days gone by,
And with a firm resolve and high
The trials meet assigned us now.
The Present, with its lowering brow,
Has claims as binding as the grave.
Let woman then be true and brave,
Ready to do, to dare, and die,
Where our free banner flaunts the sky,
The green earth trembles to the tread
Of haughty foes, well armed, well fed,
And whether we are bond or free,
Ah! and the millions yet to be,
Depends upon the coming fight.
We lift our arms but for the Right,
Half naked men, with firm right hands,
Defend our homes, our hearths, our lands.
Our soldiers' fare is scant and mean,
And woman's brow should be serene.
The weavers weave the thread to-morrow,
All they can buy, or beg, or borrow;
Then rejoice, my child, and add your mite,
Twist hempen threads till morning light."

He paused, his step rang on the floor,
Changed as he passed to the oaken door,
And Mary's heart grew sick and numb;
Why should he go? When would he come?
Why should he seek the Summer night
And walk beneath the starry light,
Or strange nocturnal visits keep,
When he was weary and should sleep?

The room was like the room of death,
So silent all, she held her breath,
She shed no tear, she breathed no sigh,
But sat with dry and burning eye.
For she had food for saddest thought;
Why was he so much fury wrought?
What brought his wildness and his pain?
Why did she hear the haunting strain?
A picture in her mind kept place
Of that fair, cold and still white face.
Part of her life that vision seemed;
She could not feel that she had dreamed.
O, was it not a real thing!
That sleeping dreams could never bring?

Her heart was aching, wounded, sore,
And she was weary long before,
For she could think, and she could feel,
But soon she sat beside her wheel,
And as the humming wheel went 'round,
And as the countless threads she wound,
She chanted as the hour went by,
At times her tones were clear and high,
And then again soft, low, and sweet,
"Like those when winds and harp-strings meet."

"O, help me Lord to be content,
To thank Thee for the blessings sent,
Father of light and love, I pray,
O, keep all evil far away.

O, Father, on Thy throne above,
I thank Thee for the holy love,
That thou, my God, hast sent to me
A solace and a joy to be.

"O, keep my father, Lord, this night;
Protect him in thy love and might,
And teach him, O, my God, of thee,
And all that he should do and be.

"And save my loved one in the field,
From all of harm and danger shield;
Be with our army in the strife,
O, God, thou author of my life.

I thank thee for my life, my health,
The joys of life, the hope in death,
I thank thee for a Savior given,
I thank thee for the hope of Heaven."

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Written Expressly for the Toledo Blade.

Throne and Scaffold

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

BOOK III. THE EARL.

CHAPTER XX.

"CONFESS THY SINS AND MAKE THY PEACE WITH HEAVEN."

Tremulous and feeble, agitated by the excitement of the scene, and hardly yet able to credit that his delivery from the bondage of Vamp, was through the agency of Godfrey Tavener, the Earl of Castletowers leaned for support upon the cross hilt of his monster double-headed sword, looking, despite his age and feebleness, the haughty, proud, defiant noble, who had all but dared defy his King in the hight of his glory and power.

There was something of the majesty of the lion in his bearing, and though his beard was white and his limbs palsied, the dark eyes flashed, even as they did in days of yore when confronted by an enemy.

But even as they looked upon Godfrey a change came over his face. A death-like pallor crossed his brow, the monster sword fell from his nerveless grasp, and glanced with a ringling clash upon the stones.

"Godfrey, Godfrey," he cried twice, holding his arms pitifully toward him and the young knight stepping quickly to his side, was in time to support him to the pallet, from which he had arisen at the shout of war and the clash of steel, nerved to an almost superhuman effort by the uproar of battle.

They gave him wine, and presently a faint gleam of color again tinged his withered cheek, and in a feeble voice he asked an explanation of the arrival of Godfrey with an armed force at the very nick of time to rescue him from the sway of Vamp.

The young knight, kneeling by the bed of herbs and rushes, told the Earl of the facts, with which the reader is already acquainted, and in the course of the narration had no choice but on several occasions to mention Cicely.

"Who is she? Who is the damsel of whom you speak?" asked the once puissant nobleman; and Godfrey told how they had loved each other for many years, and how, but a few short hours before, the holy hermit, whom they had encountered in the forest, and to whom, under God's providence, they all owed their lives, had, beneath the widespread canopy of heaven, made them man and wife.

"Perchance I had other ambition for thee, Godfrey," said the Earl. "I may have hoped to see the Lord of Risborough wedded to one of loftier station, but such dreams of vanity are over with me now forever. Brave lad, noble knight, faithful friend—Godfrey—whom I love for the wrong I have done thee, no less than for the tie of blood which binds us, Godfrey, I am well assured thy choice is one which will honor thee and the position to which thou art entitled. Bring me the damsel hither. That which I have to say affects her no less than it does thee, my brave, my noble boy."

A dozen voices volunteered to call her from the place of safety where she had been bestowed till the issue of the attack upon the Castle was beyond doubt, but Godfrey would suffer none to take his place, and though his attire was of the humblest, and had been moreover torn in the journey through the forest, rent in the scramble up the face of the cliff, and blood-stained in the conflict which ensued, he marched forth from the Castle proud in his bearing, haughty in his gait, as ever a popinjay lord in silk and gold at the Court of King Henry.

His eyes danced with a new light, his curls escaping from beneath the worn velvet cap, set jauntily upon his head, gleamed brightly in the morning sun, and his step was firm and elastic with a new-born joy.

"Long live the Earl of Castletowers and Lord of Risborough," cried the men of Warsdale, as he emerged from beneath the frowning archway of the Castle, and they waved their hats in the air and shouted again with gleeful welcome.

It had needed but a few minutes for the tidings to get wind, and though the populace were wholly ignorant, as, indeed, was Godfrey himself, as to the manner by which he had become entitled to these time honored names, the fact was for them sufficient cause of congratulation.

"Silence," cried Godfrey, with a commanding gesture, "I thank you friends, for your good wishes, but take heed your joyful shouts fall not upon the ear of one within, who has borne the titles with which you hail me for so many years, borne them with honor and glory, to the satisfaction of his sovereign, and to the benefit of his huge estates. Friends, I scarce can realize the fortune which hath befallen me, 'tis to me but as an idle dream," and he passed his hand across his brow and looked around him, as one waking from a slumber, "but of one thing be assured, as long as Jocelyn, Earl of Castletowers and Lord of Risborough, and one time my very good master, lives, I will never assume the dignities which he has associated with himself from so long as I can remember."

The Warsdale men cheered him again, and with the grateful sound of welcome ringing in his ears, he passed away down the steep slope, so recently the scene of deadly conflict, to the shepherd's hut at the foot of the crag, where he had left his bride to await his return—or—the news of his death.

She saw him approaching, long before he reached the rude shelter, where she had stood, scarcely daring to draw breath, listening to the sound of battle as it raged, hardly venturing to move, but straining her ears with quivering eagerness for some sounds to tell her the result of the attack upon the Castle.

She had made for herself a small aperture in the lightly built hut, through which she could obtain a view of the lower part of the incline, and adown this incline, she had witnessed the last rush of Vamp's followers, with the Warsdale men in hot pursuit, but of the fate of her lord, she was still in ignorance, until with light gladsome step, with head held proudly, and with the air of a victor, she saw him approach.

Then it was, she rushed forward from her place of concealment, to greet him, and casting herself sobbing into his arms, let loose the pent-up torrent of anxious fear, in a deluge of happy tears.

The Warsdale men, rough, rugged fellows crowded around the gateway of the castle, parted right and left to make a passage for the young couple, and respectfully doffed their caps and bonnets, while some dropping on one knee kissed the hem of her garment, as she passed through their midst.

The few servants and soldiers of the castle, that had not been creatures and slaves of the renegade Vamp, whose followers were all either dispersed or slain—drew up within the battlements, and with such ceremony as was possible, saluted the bride and bridegroom, for who could refuse allegiance to a man so brave, a woman so fair?

In the gloomy chamber of the castle keep, Jocelyn, Earl of Castletowers, lay stretched upon his pallet, listening to all the sounds outside with an eager tension of nerve which betokened his anxiety, and as Godfrey re-entered the chamber, conducting his bride by the hand, the Earl half rose and with a stately courtesy, though with an effort which showed the pain it cost him, murmured:

"Welcome, thrice welcome, to the Earl of Castletowers and his bride."

"Not so, not so," replied the young knight; "it is your humble follower, your former page, your one time squire, your always devoted adherent, Godfrey Tavener who, kneeling by your bedside, implores your blessing."

"No, no, kneel not to me. Thou killest me, Godfrey. Thou heapest coals of fire on my head. Listen while I tell thee that which thou must know, that which thou shouldest have known years since. Thou art my nephew, Godfrey. Thou art the son of my elder brother. When our father died, Roger, thy father, was in foreign lands fighting the Pagan foe. None knew his whereabouts, all thought him dead, and I, as next of kin, seized on the property and titles."

"Can this be true?" asked Godfrey, shrinking back from the thin, palsied hand stretched pleadingly towards him.

"Aye, too true. But there is worse to tell. Roger, when sick unto death, dying from the effects of the wounds his bravery had brought upon him, came hither miserable and in want. He knew not that our father was dead, and that these fair lands, these honorable titles, were his by right. I went to meet him, to prevent his arrival here to find out the truth. He brought with him a baby boy and one sole attendant. I—may Heaven forgive me—nourished the black schemes of the Father of Evil in my heart. I could not bear to surrender that of which I was already in full possession, but with fair words and soft promises I beguiled my brother into deeming me his friend, when all the while I was the most bitter, the most cruel, the most relentless enemy he had."

"You killed my father," cried Godfrey, shrinking back in horror.

"Nay, nay; I was spared that crime. He died committing thee, his only infant, to my loving care, beseeching me, by the mother who bore us, that I would exercise a father's watchful care over thee, and secure for thee the title and estates which I unjustly held. Thy father died, Godfrey—died in my arms, and I call Heaven to witness that I was guiltless of any share in his death. Thou wert a mere baby, and held forth thy tiny hands to me, crowing, and laughing, all ignorant of the death of thy sole protector, all confiding in the uncle who had usurped thy rights."

"And did none other know this truth—none other than you?"

"One only," replied the earl, gloomily, as he turned his face to the wall; "the faithful retainer, whom Roger, thy father and my brother, had brought with him to Risborough—and—and—"

"What came of him?"

"The night thy father died, this man was found cruelly done to death, stabbed to the heart with coward's blow, while he slept."

A dead silence followed this announcement, and Dick Venables fingering his dagger, muttered a few inaudible words, beneath his breath.

"Again and again, Godfrey," continued the old Earl, with a weary sigh, "I have been minded to send thee to join thy father, but as thou grewst in years and grace, there was that in thy face which appealed to me so strongly, I had not the courage to be thy executioner. I kept thee about my person, I favored thee more than others, and I salved my conscience by the promise, that when thou shouldst arrive at man's estate, I would reveal all. Then came that hateful witch's prophesy, those words were spoken which seemed to reveal that others beside myself knew the fatal secret of thy birth, and coupled with the foreshadowing of thy advancement, a prophesy of disgrace and dishonored death, to me. I could bear it no longer. I loved thee, Godfrey, in a fashion. My better nature bade me take thee to my heart; but the love of honor, the pride of place and power, forbade it. At times I could have slain thee with mine own hand, but I was not so hardened as to shed thy blood, though heaven knows 'twas but to death I thought to send thee when I bade thee go on the errand to the King, which has been to thy renown, which won for thee the spurs of knighthood, more honored by far than the titles of earl and baron, filched by me from my dead brother's child."

He ceased speaking, and a silence like unto the silence of death, fell upon the chamber, broken at length by the hermit, who knelt at the bedside and held the cross, the emblem of religion, before the old man's eyes.

"Brother—fellow-sinner," he said, in a low, soft voice, "dost thou by this sacred emblem, swear what thou hast just revealed, to be the truth?"

"I do," replied the earl.

"Dost thou confess thy sins, in the hope of making thy peace with that Heaven, which thou hast offended, that God whose laws thou hast outraged?"

"I do," responded the Earl, and his voice was husky with emotion.

"Heaven is merciful, and will forgive," said the hermit. "Thou wilt not sue in vain for mercy my son, if thou wilt approach the throne, with contrite heart and firm belief, in the might and majesty of Him alone, who hath the right to say 'thy sins be forgiven thee?'"

"Aye, I am easier now that I have revealed the secret, that hath so long oppressed me. I am more at peace—but still I would, that all should know that which I have confessed to those within this chamber. Send messengers forth, gather all here to the castle to-morrow. I am better, I am well—I am equal to making the great atonement, and acknowledging in the face of all, that Godfrey Tavener is Earl and Baron of these fair lands, and castles. Bid every one hither, let all be present, the great and mighty, the humble and the lowly. It is not meet that the Earl of Castletowers should wed his bride within a forest glade, and beneath the arch of heaven alone. Ride I say, ride one and all, and bid the country-side to a wedding feast. I will sit at the table's head, but for the last time bid them I say in the name of the Earl of Castletowers, and I—aye, I am strong by heaven's help, I will tell them who is their host. Ride I say, haste, hot haste, ride north, south, east, and west. To-morrow we will have within these walls a wedding feast which none attending it are ever likely to forget."

* * * * * * * * *

The Earl's orders were literally obeyed, and on the following day the ascent to Risborough Castle saw a continual stream of people mounting towards the gloomy portals of the ancient stronghold. Within the court-yard Godfrey, and Cicely by his side, welcomed the guests as they arrived, and as the appointed hour struck, led the way into the long banqueting hall, which had been cleaned and furnished as far as time would permit, in honor of the occasion.

At the head of the table, arrayed in light armour—proud, haughty and grand, but yet with a terrible expression on his face—sat he who had hitherto been known as the Earl of Castletowers and Lord of Risborough.

Immovable as a statue he occupied his seat, looking neither to the right nor left, nor heeding the salutations of those who entered the hall.

The guests tumultuously thronged to the table, the trumpets brayed forth their hoarse summons to the feast, the bride and bridegroom, amidst the cheer of the assembled multitude, proceeded to take their place upon the raised dais, one on either hand of the old Earl, and yet Jocelyn, the powerful, noble, the one time terror of the country side, neither spoke nor moved.

There was something terrible, ominous, ghastly, in the motionless, speechless figure, and merriment was hushed, the babel of tongues silenced, as all eyes were directed to the white-bearded Earl, with his black eyes fixed in an unnatural stare, as he sat there stiff, gaunt, and erect, as many a day in the olden times they had all seen him, on his war charger, passing through the market-space of Warsdale.

Then Cicely, leaning slightly forward, addressed him and asked if it was his good pleasure that the covers should be removed and the feast commenced, but he answered her never a word.

Then she laid her hand on his as she sat by his side, and its icy coldness drew from her a short, sharp cry.

In another minute everyone within the hall knew the truth, that Jocelyn, Earl of Castletowers and Lord of Risborough, sat at the head of the table in the banqueting hall—dead.

* * * * * * *

On the 12th of July, in the year 1543, King Henry the Eighth, on the occasion of his nuptials with Katherine Parr, his sixth and last wife, was graciously pleased to extend his royal clemency to Godfrey, Earl of Castletowers and Baron of Risborough, and to Cicely, his Countess, granting them a free pardon and confirming them in the possession of the estates which they had held since the sudden death of Jocelyn, the uncle of the said Godfrey, and together with this pardon came a letter written at the King's command, expressing a wish for the attendance of the Earl and Countess at Court, to do honor to the new Queen, but Godfrey and Cicely had seen enough of Court life, had experienced too much of the instability of royal favor, and at the risk of incurring the King's displeasure, they craved permission to end their days in the North country.

Beloved by the worthy, feared by wrong-doers, they led happy, blameless lives at Risborough, dying in the fulness of time, universally regretted, and to this day are known in the legends of the land as the good Earl and his fair spouse.

THE END.

The Effect of Red Pepper.

Lynn Bee.

A Bristol (Vt.) farmer has tried feeding a hen on red pepper to make her lay eggs. She went at once to the barn and began scratching in a pile of sawdust which had lain on the barn floor for some years. The hen dug up a hatchet and a whisky bottle, and then laid an egg and went off cackling. The Bristol man can account for the hatchet, but the whisky bottle—never. He has been heard to remark: "Let the pesky hen cackle, she won't get any more red pepper."

Too Mean to Divide.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Two ladies met at an afternoon reception.

"I hear there is a division in your family, Mrs. B.—," said one of them sympathetically.

"Do you, indeed," responds the other. "I hope it is true. My husband's the stingiest man you ever saw; he never divides anything."

Written for the Blade.

GALLIMAUFRY

BY JOHN McELROY.

XV.

"WHY, IT'S PAPPY!"

An Incident of the War in East Tennessee.

How fair is the Holston Valley in October!

At all times the loveliest of the many lovely valleys that make East Tennessee a land of idyllic beauty, October crowns it with a glory like that which comes with the full ripening of a perfect woman.

Then, with all the trees clad in colors more gorgeous than the robes of Asian Kings, with clear, bright streams leaping over mossy rocks, canopied by laurel and the fragrant sweetbrier, to join the queenly river, with picturesque cliffs and hills beetling over the fertile lowland, and an aroma of fruitfulness rising like an incense from field and orchard, it is such a spot as the peace-blest land of Acadie, Home of the Happy.

In a comfortable little cabin on a "bench" that projected from the hills nearly across the little valley, a lithe, fair-faced young woman was spinning wool upon a "big wheel." Neatly clad in home-spun garments, she looked as prim and gentle as a Puritan maiden, and as she walked back and forth with a quick, springy step, she sang in smooth contralto one of the plaintive ballads that are universal favorites among the country people of the South:

"By yon Castle's wall at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his hair it was gray,
And as he did sing, the tears they down came,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

She sang the sweet old Jacobite song with all the moving tenderness that could have been given it a century and more before by some loyal mourner for the banished James II., but the King James to whom her heart dedicated the melodious ballad had no larger realm than the few acres about the cabin—no subjects but her trusting, loving self, and the two little tots of children, who were toddling out of the front yard—it was James, her husband, who, two years ago, had fled by night through little-known passes in the Cumberland Mountains, to join a regiment of his friends and neighbors organizing in Kentucky to redeem East Tennessee from the murderous thraldom of the Rebels. He had been back once since to see her and the children, slipping through the Rebel lines in his blue uniform, at imminent peril, that he might show himself to her in the proud array of a Union soldier.

Now after weary months of waiting, with hope deferred until the heart was sick—he was coming again—this time as a conqueror. Burnside's Army of the Ohio had burst through the Cumberland's gaps, and at last was sweeping the Rebels out of East Tennessee. The First East Tennessee regiment led the van in the army of liberation, and hunted down the oppressors of their parent and kinfolk, with restless vengeance. Jamie was a Sergeant in that regiment, and at any hour he might ride boldly up to his home, at the head of his comrades.

"Whar ye gwine, chil'n?" she called to the little ones, as she looked up from adding a new "roll," and saw them going down the road attended by a faithful old dog.

"Gwine down ter the pawpaw patch, ter git some ripe pawpaws fo pappy when he comes home."

The clump of pawpaws was in plain sight at the foot of the "bench." She turned to her wheel and resumed her ballad:

"The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous w

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY, Publishers.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, March 15, 1883.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With Blade.
Christian at Work	$3 00	$3 75
Chimney Corner	4 00	4 50
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 50
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 5
New York Ledger	3 00	3 60
Prairie Farmer	2 00	2 50
Rural New Yorker	2 00	3 00
Scientific American	3 00	4 00
Waverly Magazine	5 00	5 00
Western Rural	2 00	2 50
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 00
Weekly Am. Fee Journal	2 00	3 00
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake (Juvenile)	2 50	3 25
St. Nicholas (Juvenile)	3 00	3 75
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 25
Ladies' Floral Cabinet	1 25	2 00
Theological Journal		2 80
Our Little Ones (Juvenile)	1 50	2 25
Andrews' Bazar	1 00	2 00
Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 00	2 75
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 60
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 75
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	3 00	3 75
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 50
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 75
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	2 75
The Century	4 00	4 60

In making this proposition we stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, not even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

It has been the Custom of the BLADE every Winter to offer a list of good standard books at very low prices, post-paid by mail. This season we have a large stock of miscellaneous books, which we have not space to enumerate by title.

The greatest bargain we have to offer for a single book, is "Bible Biography." (A full description advertised elsewhere.) This is a $5.00 subscription book, finely illustrated, containing some 600 pages, and which we will post-paid for $1.25. An elegant book for a Christmas present.

Poems.—We have a large lot of standard Poems, such as Cowper, Rogers, Milton, Moore, etc., which we will send postpaid by mail at 60 cents. Retail price, $1.50. Upon receipt of 60 cents we will mail a copy of Standard Poems, although we will not guarantee to mail the title requested. We will send the title ordered if we have it, otherwise we will substitute another author Merely remit 60 cts. for copy of Standard Poems.

Cloth-bound Novels.—Our stock of titles is so numerous that we cannot name them, but on receipt of 50 cents for a cloth-bound novel, we will mail postpaid a copy that cannot help but give satisfaction, as the regular retail price of such as we have run from $1.75 to $2.00 per copy.

Nasby Pamphlets.—We have many inquiries for the popular pamphlets of Nasby. We have on hand a few copies of "Nasby as a Banker" and "Democratic John Bunyan." Price, 10 cents each, postpaid.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

In 1882 181 Jews in Vienna became Roman Catholics.

They call it the Ottoman Empire because it is all the time being sat down upon.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

The Country Ceeen—Charging $10 a week for board in a rickety farm-house that lets in rain and lightning.—*Puck.*

There are now only 35 establishments in Cologne each selling the true and only genuine eau. In 1859 there were 60.

The Duke of Sutherland lately went to Egypt to secure a concession for the construction of railroads there under an English syndicate.

He believes in cremation, but he declines to join the association. "No, sir, it isn't necessary. I live in the fifth story of a New York hotel."—*Puck.*

It has been discovered that the great inducement that leads men to try to become members of Congress is the promised exemption from arrest.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Freddie Gebhardt pretends that he does not like the new scarf-pin that has been named for him. It represents a little gold drunkey with a brass face.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The difference between a long and short yarn is very well illustrated by the difference of one's feelings in holding a skein for one's grandmother or for one's sweetheart. *Burlington Free Press.*

A Michigan man got ahead of a saw log going down hill, and he says he'd never have got off this world of ills in it if he hadn't possessed the presence of mind to imagine he was going to dinner.—*Boston Post.*

The late styles of wall paper are so gorgeous that a family can no longer take comfort wearing out old boots and spit-back vests around the house. Everybody sort o' feels as if he was away on a visit.—*Free Press.*

Oscar Wilde spoke of America the other day as a land where the men have no honor, the women no virtue, the horses no Tragram and the food no taste. You wouldn't think a man could get so stirred up as that over a little game of bunko.—Ed.

Henry C. Robinson, in a speech at Hartford, said that many of the mill owners of New England were educating their employes in virtue, domestic comfort, intelligence, and all good things; but he also knew of a man who was laying up $72,000 a year while paying little children 15 cents for 10 hours' work.

A Philadelphia tenor took a place in a church choir under his own name, and in a negro minstrel company at the same time under an assumed one. But the double salary did not last long, for persons from the church recognized him through the burnt cork at the show, and he was excoded from the choir gallery.

Reports of cruelty in our State prisons and penitentiaries are so numerous and distressing we should think they would have the effect to discourage young men who contemplate entering upon a criminal career. Yet such doesn't appear to be the result. They take the chances all the same. —*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

An employe of the telegraph company at Manila had a narrow escape recently, having taken sugar of lead in mistake for mucosin. He telegraphed to Hong Kong for a doctor, who came to the office and sent him advice by cable, which resulted in his recovery. The distance is about 555 miles. Probably this is the first time that a doctor has prescribed for a patient 500 miles away.

Gen. Booth has opened what he calls a "War Office" at London. The office is nearly opposite the Admiralty, and is meant to be the business headquarters of the Army. Gen. Booth knows a very good deal of advertisement. The windows are filled with portraits and busts of the officers and Captains (male and female) of the Army. Its banners are displayed in the most advantageous way, and there is also an abundant supply of Salvation Army literature.

Dr. Sheldon Crowe, of New York, has thrown his "Assassination Play" on the market. He says it is Shakespearean in style and all complete in five acts and 20 scenes. The assassinations of Lincoln, of the Czar of Russia and of Pres. Garfield are depicted. Forty-one leading historical personages are represented. There are seven Presidents, a Queen, a Pope, a Czar, an Emperor and a Khedive. There are also Horace Greeley, Jeff. Davis, John Wilkes Booth, Gen. Grant, Jim Blaine, Dr. Mary Walker, Mrs. Surratt, Guiteau and any number more. Grant goes all around the world in one of the acts, and has interviews with various potentates in their several languages. Guiteau is hanged in the last act. Dr. Crowe has figured conspicuously in the medical diploma business.

Jesse Miller, a staid, honest Somerset farmer, is willing to swear that his household is bewitched. No matter where he would hang his saddle it would be changed to another place. He finally took it to a saw mill and spiked it fast to a saw log, and it stays there, but the witches have taken to flinging the wash clothes out of the tubs, tumbling the children out of bed, and on one occasion spirited his little daughter out into the back yard and dumped her into a snow bank. The child says the evil spirit resembles a wrinkled old woman who lives in a hut on an adjoining farm. Mr. Miller is anxious to sell out, but he can find no one with nerve enough to buy. He is also anxious to learn the whereabouts of a good witch doctor.

OUR UNCROWNED POET LAUREATE.

In H. W. LONGFELLOW died the long acknowledged chief of American poets. For nearly a generation there had ceased to be any challenge of his leadership. Public acclamation, without a dissenting voice, had placed him in a niche higher than any of his tuneful brethren. His only peer among the hundred millions of English speakers was the great singer who has won and so worthily wears the laurel crown of England.

As the time elapsing since LONGFELLOW's death makes his loss more and more apparent, we naturally turn to see whom we have growing up into his successor. Evidently not WHITTIER, the eldest and most prolific of our living poets, and the one who, next to LONGFELLOW, has taken the deepest hold on our people's hearts. True and sweet a singer as WHITTIER is, and much as men may love him for the noble work he has done, he stills lacks much of rising to the plane occupied by LONGFELLOW, and he finished his work years ago. There can be no creative future for a poet who has passed his three-score years and ten. We must seek for the mantle on younger shoulders.

What is necessary to make a man the first of American poets?

It requires much more than excellence of artistic finish, or even great thoughts and aspirations. While these make a poet they do not make the great poet of a people or a country. History is full of men of the highest order of gifts of this kind who have yet failed to achieve any permanent place in literature, or to make themselves even remembered outside of a limited circle of students. Intellectual abstractions and sentimental conceits, though rendered in never so musical a numbers, yet fail to give any general or enduring hold upon the hearts of the multitude, whom a man must make know and love him if he will achieve a lasting place. To be the great poet of a country or a people, a man must add to his gifts from the Muses a deep and earnest sympathy with the emotions of the popular heart. He must feel acutely every passion which throbs in the veins of his fellow-countrymen, be depress by their sorrows and humiliations, exultant over their hopes and victories, love their fricads and idols, and hate their enemies, rejoice, exult, weep, deplore or scorn with them, according to their varying moods. They will learn to look to him to express what they feel deeply, but can not utter. It has been so in all countries,—it is pre-eminently so in this, where our youthful vigor, and our intense national life is impatient of any mere metrical dilletanteism, and demands of its chiefest bard songs clear, pure, sweetly rounded, but as distinct and forceful as the pulsations of its own mighty heart.

No living poet answers these requirements so well as EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, who, with all that he has done to make himself known and beloved by the people, is as yet scarcely in his prime, and has a long period of growth before him ere he shall attain to the fulness of his powers and fame.

With all the sweetness of LONGFELLOW and WHITTIER, he has a manly vigor and power, and an opulence of imagery and thought that surpasses them. Nothing, for example, in all their *ante-bellum* denunciations of Slavery and exhortations to men to rise to the heroism of resistance to the crowning evil has the fire and force of his "Ossawattomie Brown," which, written in 1859, made his name dear to all who loved Freedom and hated Slavery. It introduced him to the American people, and a better introduction no poet ever had. We can not forbear reproducing it entire:

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY.

John Brown in Kansas settled, like a stanly
Yankee farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart
men of might,
There he spoke aloed for freedom, and the
Border-strife grew warmer,
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the night;
And while Brown,
Ossawatomie Brown,
Came homeward in the morning—to find his
house burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle and boldly
fought for freedom;
Smote from border unto border the fierce, in-
vading band;
And he and his brave boys vowed—so might
Heaven help and speed 'em!—
They would save those grand old prairies from
the curse that blights the land;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved
his ramrod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men, and they
laboured day and even,
Saving Kansas from its peril; and their very
lives owed—redeemed,
Till the ruffians killed one son, in the blessed
light of Heaven.—
In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he
journeyed all unarmed;
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned
a terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy,—not amid
the heat of battle,
But in peace, behind his ploughshare,—and
stopped him in the chase,
And with pikes, before their horses, even as
they goad their cattle,
Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and at last
blew out his brains;
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling
Heaven's vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the
Almighty,
He would hunt this ravening evil that had
spread and torn him so;
He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush
it day and night; he
Would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow
for blow,
That Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or
in town!

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his
wild blue eyes grew wilder,
And more sharply curved his hawk's nose,
snuffing battle from afar;
And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas
winter
Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody
Border War,
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful
glare and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter
woes behind him,
Slipt off into Virginia, where the statesmen all
are born,
Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one
knew where to find him,
Or whether he'd turn parson, or was jacketed
and shorn;
For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a
parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and
shovels, and such trifles;
But quietly to his rancho there came, by every
train,
Boxes full of rifles and pistols, and his well-
beloved sharp's rifles;
And eighteen other madmen joined their
leader there again,
Says Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"Boys, we've got an army large enough to march
and take the town!

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the
negroes and then arm them;
Carry the County and the State, ay, and all the
potent South;
On their own heads be the slaughter, if their
victims rise to harm them—
These Virginians! who believed not, nor would
need the warning mouth."
Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is
not John Brown."

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening
of a Sunday;
"This good work," declared the captain, "shall
be on a holy night!"
It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon
of Monday,
With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen
privates black and white,
Captain Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Marched across the bridged Potomac, and
knocked the sentry down;

Took the guarded armory-building, and the
muskets and the cannon;
Captured all the county majors and the
colonels one by one;
Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia
they ran on,
And before the noon of Monday, I say, the
deed was done.
Mad Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and
took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of
powder made he;
It was all done in the midnight, like the
Emperor's coup d'etat.
"Cut the wires! Stop the rail-cars! Hold the
streets and bridges!" said he,
Then declared the new Republic, with himself
for guiding star,—
This Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown;
And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and
left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing
here and thither;
And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the
Charlestown Volunteers,
And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia
hastened whither
Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers.
General Brown!
Osawatomie Brown!
Behind whose rampant banner all the North was
pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped
from Old Brown's durance,
And the effervescent valor of the Chivalry
broke out,
When they learned that nineteen madmen had
the marvelous assurance—
Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and
drive them straight about;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Found an army come to take him, encamped
around the town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mentioned, was too risky;
So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government Marines,
Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls with Bourbon whisky,
Till they battered down Brown's castle with their ladders and machines;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!
In they rush and kill the game, shooting lustily away;
And when after they slew a rebel, those who came too late for slaying,
Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in his clay;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they hastened on the trial;
How Old Brown was placed, half dying, on the Charlestown Court-house floor;
How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial;
What the brave old madman told them,—these are known the country o'er.
"Hang Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,"
Said the Judge, "and all such rebels!" with his most judicial frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first poured by Southern hands;
And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up in a vengeful Fury, hissing through your slave-worn lands!
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when you've nailed his coffin down!

Among the many stirring lyrics which came from Mr. STEDMAN's pen under the inspiration of the War, it is hard to choose which is the most fitting companion piece to this trumpet blast, but perhaps "Kearney at Seven Pines" is the most worthy of a place alongside of it:

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES.

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, were we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
He smiled, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign;
Loud out cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left,—and the rains in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal.
Asking where to go in,—through the clearing or pine?
"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel!
You'll find lovely fighting all along the whole line!"

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

We would that our readers could have all Mr. STEDMAN's lyrics before them as they read this, for each of them thrills the heart with an emotion that is the surest indication of genius.

But these are not his only productious of the highest merit. He is equally good in efforts in a lighter, tenderer vein, His "Pan In Wall Street," is an exquisite little pastoral, of dainty fancies and conceits, and his "Blameless Prince" is as tender and graceful a story, told with as admirable an art as the poetry of the language can show. Besides these there are a score of others that seem equally worth mentioning.

His "Translations" have given him a high rank among scholars, for their accuracy, and the fidelity with which they imitate the old classical meter, and reproduce the spirit of world-famous poems.

Mr. STEDMAN was born in Hartford, Conn., Oct. 8, 1833. He entered Yale College in 1849, and after leaving there became a journalist, and in 1859 was attached to the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*. During the first years of the war he served with the Army of the Potomac as correspondent, and his descriptions of camp life and battle scenes were remarkable for picturesque power and vividness. Later he became a broker and banker in New York, and singular to relate was as successful in business as in literature. In a few years he acquired a competence which enabled him to devote most of his time and energies to literary art. The banking house still flourishes in New York, and receives his care and supervision, but all the time he can gain from it is given to his first love—the Muses. After all, there is no more reason why a poet should not also be a banker than why he should also be a college professor, as LONGFELLOW was; a practicing physician, as Dr. HOLMES is, or ministers, lawyers, politicians, or teachers, as many of our great writers are or have been.

Mr. STEDMAN's first volume of poems—"Poems, Lyric and Idyllic"—was published in 1860. His second—"Alice of Monmouth, an Idyl of the Great War"—came out in 1884; "The Blameless Prince, and Other Poems, followed in 1869, and his "Complete Poems" in 1873. All of these met with the handsomest reception both from the critics and the people, receiving high praise from the former, and having an extended sale. In 1875 he published "Victorian Poets," a volume of critical studies, which added much to his reputation.

He has since contributed a number of poems to *Scribner's, Harper's*, and other leading periodicals, several of which we have reproduced and commended in the BLADE.

A volume of his poems, published in London under the title of "Lyrics and Idylls," gave him an excellent introduction to the people of England, with whom he has become a great favorite.

What Could the Poor Boy Do?

Paris Paper.

"William, my son," says an economical mother to her son, "for mercy's sake don't keep on tramping up and down the floor in that manner, you'll wear out your new boots." (He sits down). There you go—sitting down! Now, you'll wear out your new trowsers! I declare, I never see such a boy!"

He Gives His Father a Hint.

Texas Siftings.

"Look here, boy," said a stern Austin parent, "you are telling me a falsehood right now. I can read it in your face." "It must be some falsehood I told you last week, pa. You know you can't read, anyhow, without your spectacles."

How She Will Be Revenged.

All Sorts.

"Yes," said the society belle, "Mr. De La Mere has insulted me. But I'll be revenged. I'll dance a german with him, and step on his toes and get my train in his way at every possible opportunity."

FROST PICTURE.

BY SARAH D. HOBART.

Child Eulalie at the casement stands
While the day in the west lies dying,
And the wild, white flags of the Winter-time
Through the frosty air are flying.
A marvel she sees on the tinted pane
Where the sunset's light still lingers,
A wondrous city, deftly drawn
By the Frost King's cunning fingers.
The light that breaks o'er its radiant walls
With the sunset's tint is blending,
And down from its gates on ladders of pearl
Are angels slow descending.

Maid Eulalie at the casement stands,
And the moonlight, soft and tender,
Traces above her fair young brow
A crown of mystic splendor.
Ah, wondrous bright is the pane to-night
Where the mellow light reposes;
With Faith's sweet lilies, purely white,
And young Love's spotless roses.
Trusting and blest she fondly dreams
That Heaven with earth is blending,
And down from its gates on ladders of pearl
Are angels slow descending.

In through the casement, cold and bare,
The Winter's moonlight stealing,
Falls on the woman, pale and old,
With bowed head humbly kneeling.
Youth and beauty and love are gone;
Sadly the bells are tolling,
And o'er her heart with icy touch
Death's cruel waves are rolling.
And nothing remains on the tintless pane,
Where life and death are blending;
Lone ladders of mist and gates of pearl,
And an angel slow descending.

MARRIED LIFE OF ACTRESSES.

Why They Should Not Marry Out of Their Own Profession—A Few Instances of the Unhappy Result of Breaking This Rule.

Freund's Music and Drama.

My thoughts are set agoing on the subject of the married life of professionals by a remark reported by a Boston paper to have been recently made by the mother of the late Adelaide Lee Neilson in these words: "It is a great mistake for an actress to marry at all. She must choose one life or the other to succeed in either."

***

One thing is certain, professional people should not marry out of their profession. There is so much in the professional life of the actor, as well as the actress, that will ever be utterly incomprehensible to the outsider, that marriages for either sex out of the profession generally are mistakes, the cases in proof being numerous, those to the contrary few. So much has been said of actress' husbands—men who achieve distinction solely by being the husband of an actress—that I will pass them without further allusion than to say they are a class of men truly to be pitied, and will charitably refrain from mentioning names which must instantly occur to the most casual reader.

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Unquestionably it is better for an actress to consecrate herself to her art, like those vestal virgins, Mary Anderson, Clara Louise Kellogg and the irrepressible Lotta. Art is an exacting mistress whose power often varquishes at the hymental altar. But all actresses may not be as successful in dodging Cupid's darts as these ladies have been, and even these may yet be struck. Marriages out of the profession, to result happily, should be followed by retirement from the boards, as in the case of Agnes Ethel, Annie Louise Carey, Jean Davenport and various others. The non-professional husband soon becomes a nuisance outside of the domestic circle. He is an intruder behind the scenes. He is a "no account" on the road. He soon recognizes his position and lapses unconsciously into insignificance.

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It is needless to remark that a great many actresses are married who still keep the prefix of "Miss" to their names on the bills, though why they do so is absurd, for, like the man with dyed hair, they deceive no one but themselves. All prefixes should be discarded anyway in such announcements for both gentlemen and ladies; the dignified announcement of the simple name is enough in all cases. It certainly does not bring any respect to Julia Smith to announce her as Miss Julia Smith, especially when all in the house know she is in private life known as Mrs. Julia Brown, nor does it carry any weight to announce young Simpkins as Mr. John Simpkins, instead of simply as John Simpkins. All this modern affectation in theatrical announcement should be stopped.

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Mentally running over the list I can find few marriages outside of the profession not followed by retirement that have resulted happily. This is especially the case with the ladies. Anybody who knew the late Adelaide Lee Neilson and her husband Philip Lee saw that they were not mated and wondered how they ever came together, and were not consequently surprised when they went into the divorce courts. If an actor marries out of the profession and his wife adapts herself to exigencies of his profession—that is, his style of life—there is no reason why a happy unioh should not follow; for women are much quicker in assimilating themselves than men. The outsider who weds an actress, unless he goes on the stage or into management, is always an outsider; but a woman who marries an actor, by accompanying him to the theater and looking after his wants in the dressing room, quickly identifies herself with his sphere and so loses her own, while a man similarly placed never does.

***

I could give a long list of wives who always accompany their husbands to the theater and create a little domestic circle nightly in their dressing room. The late Charley Thorne's wife always passed the evening in his dressing room. The late Mrs. Edwin Booth, as long as her health permitted her, always accompanied her husband to the theater, and she used to do light sewing during the evening. Timmy Lewis and his little wife are inseparable. Crane and his wife always go to the theater together. Now look on the other side. It would be a nuisance for an actress having two or three changes during an evening, to have her husband hanging about her room, unless, as in several instances that I know of, he is utilized as a waiter, in which case, of course, there can be no wifely respect.

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There are few of our prominent actors now who have not pleasant homes, to which they repair during the Summer months. There is a little colony of them at Long Branch. Here are Maggie Mitchell, the Hendersons, the Chanfraus, Oliver Doud Byron, the Albaughs, Mary Anderson, the Floyds and several others. The Thornes, Crane and Robson go to Cohassett. Stevenson and his wife, Kate Claxton, go yachting. Jefferson, Ford, Mrs. Drew, Mr. Wallack, Mr. Palmer, Booth, Stoddard and others too numerous to mention have charming country homes, and many of them fine City residences, too. And with one or two exceptions of "single blessedness" as pretty pictures of domesticity and marital bliss are to be seen within the walls as in any mansion in the land.

The Troubles of the Booths.

Detroit Free Press.

Edwin Booth seems to get out of one domestic trouble only to fall into another. His daughter's betrothed, a young American, was asphyxiated by coal gas three or four years since, and has not recovered from it. What is worse, it is feared he never will. His blood is poisoned, his memory impaired, his interest in his profession and even in his engagement entirely gone. He went with his sister to visit his betrothed in Europe, but he is no better. Miss Booth has fallen into a melancholy and cannot be coaxed out of her hotel. The young man and his sister will soon return home. His consciousness that he ought to love her and does love her, but cannot give any satisfactory expression to it, only adds to his misery.

Feminine Appreciation.

Progress.

Joaquin Miller recited to a lady who invited him to her house some of his verses. "How beautiful," she said. "Why don't you print your poetry sometimes, Mr. Miller?" Then Joaquin said big words and went rapidly home.

SPOOPENDYKE.

Rehearsing for Private Theatricals.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, opening the book and assuming the correct dramatic scowl. "Now, my dear, we'll rehearse our parts for Speckle-wottle's theatricals. I'm to be *Hamlet* and you're to be the *Queen*, and we want this thing to go off about right. The hardest part we have to play together is where I accuse you of poisoning my father, and we'd better try that until we get it perfect. I'll commence:

"'Now, mother, what's the matter?'

"Well, I was thinking whether I had better wear my black silk or my maroon suit," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, sticking her finger in her mouth reflectively; "Do Queens wear—"

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what pack of cards you got that idea of a queen from?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, fixing his wife's eye with a glare. "Do you suppose that queen sent for Hamlet to get his opinion about bargains in dry goods? When I say that you must say,

"Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended!'

"Oh, I understand," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I thought you asked me what I was thinking about. I didn't know you had commenced to play. Try it again."

"Well you be careful this time," recommended Mr. Spoopendyke, in a tone of solemn warning. "This is a play, this is. Think you know the difference between a play and a bankrupt sale? Know the distinction between a play and a millinery shop opening? Now, I'll begin again and you try to do it decently.

"Now, mother, what's the matter?'

"There's nothing the matter now," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, straightening up and preparing to be queen as soon as her turn came. "Go on, dear. I understand it not."

"Say it, can't ye!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Haven't ye studied this business? Don't ye know your dod gasted part?"

"What shall I say, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking at her husband with a dazed expression.

"Say!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Sing a hymn! If you don't know your part get off a psalm! Didn't I tell you what to say! Look here," and Mr. Spoopendyke lowered his voice to the intense pitch. "Have you ever read this play? Have you conceived any kind of a notion of what it's all about?"

"Why, yes," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You come in and stab Mr. Specklewottle behind the ears and I scream. Isn't that right, dear?"

"Hear her!" moaned Mr. Spoopendyke, frothing at the mouth. "Stab Specklewottle behind the ears! That's all right, now you scream! Scream, why don't you! You know so much about your measly part, why don't you play it?"

"W-e-e-e!" squealed Mrs. Spoopenkyke, faithfully following instructions. "I knew I could do it right as soon as you showed me who. Will that do?"

"Oh, that was queenly!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, flopping into a chair and regarding his wife with rolling eyes. "Just do that again! Four of those dramatic efforts will make this play the greatest of modern entertainments! Do it once more."

"It hurts my throat," complained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Can't we make it do with one scream, dear?'

"Mrs. Spoopendyke," said her husband with unnatural calmness, "there's been some mistake made in this thing. You should have been cast for Ophelia. That was the part intended for you."

"I would just as soon play it," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, who failed to see the drift of her husband's remark. "What does he do?"

"He was an idiot from his birth and afterward went crazy," explained Mr. Spoopendyke. "That was the part for you."

"Then I'd rather be Queen," retorted Mrs. Spoopendyke, bridling a little. "Now, dear, let's commence all over and I'll do it right this time."

"You can't do it worse," growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'll try it once more, just to see what kind of foolishness you can work off."

"Now, mother, what's the matter?"

"W-e-e-e-e," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke, satisfied that she was perfect this time. "Hamlet, oh, Hamlet! w-e-e-e-e."

"Turn it off!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, springing from his chair and capering around the room as though a snake had bitten him. "Be quick and break off the end! What's the matter?"

"W-e-e-e-e!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, profoundly impressed with the idea that the play was still going on, and that she had at last mastered the intricacies of parerh.t

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" howled Mr Spoopendyke, slamming the book across the room and dancing up to his wife.

"W-e-e-e-e!" continued Mrs. Spoopendyke, flattered with her success and glancing admiringly at her husband. "My dear, you are just splendid as Hamlet. You should have been an actor."

"Will ye ever shut up?" gasped Mr. Spoopendyke, madder than ever to think his wrath was mistaken for acting. "Who ever told ye to yell like that? Don't ye know anything at all scarcely? Think Hamlet's a lunatic asylum? Got some kind of a notion that the Queen's a fog horn? Where'd ye get your idea of this thing, anyway?"

"I did just as you told me, dear," argued Mrs. Spoopendyke, completely taken aback by her husband's criticism. "You said I was to scream when you asked me what the matter was. "Didn't I do it right?"

"Oh, that was right!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You struck the keynote of high art both times! With that yell and your knowledge of the text all you want now is a fire and a free list to be a dod gasted theater with a restaurant attachment! The first time a show comes around this way I'm going to fit you out with a hair trunk and a pair of hoofs and start you for a menagerie! Such talent as that can't be wasted on any cheap Shakspere plays while I've got the money and influence to get you a job in the legitimate circus!" and Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the book through the window, peeled himself like a potato and dove into bed with a flop like a whale.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, cutting some paper into little squares to paste over her Montagues, "I don't think they would let me wear my lace bonnet as a Queen, anyway, and if I don't play I can sit in the audience with it on, and that's a great deal better than being a Queen and squealing like a pig every time any one asks me what is the matter. I'd go around and get Mrs. Specklewottle to be Queen, but she owes me a call, and I'm afraid they will have to get along with Mr. Specklewottle and Hamlet," and having disposed of the theatricals to her satisfaction, Mrs. Spoopendyke rustled into bed and dreamed all night that she was playing Queen somewhere in her bed dress, while Mrs. Specklewottle sat in the audience with a new hat and dress and applauded Mr. Spoopendyke for the masterly manner in which he stabbed Mr. Specklewottle "behind the ears."

A Trifling Debt a Dangerous Thing.

Detroit Free Press.

They tell of a Nebraska man who suicided because he couldn't pay a debt of 75 cents. It was probably a debt he owed his wife, and, of course, she had to keep talking about it, but he should have failed and settled with her for three cents.

A Bashful Bride Upbraided.

Hotel Mail.

"Why don't you eat like you do to home?" said the rural bridegroom to his bride at the St. Nicholas *table d'hote*, as she nibbled this and tasted that in her embarrassment; "them folks over there don't pay no more'n we do, and you are a goose to be afraid."

What Will Bring Youth to Women.

Rochester Post-Express.

The question is asked us if there is anything that will bring youth to women? Yes, there is. An income of say $2,000 will bring any number of them.

WASHINGTON DRINKING.

Habits of Senators, Representatives, Lawyers and Dead Beats.

Carp, in Cleveland Leader.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—Washington has as many and as attractive saloons as any city of its size in the world. Those of a better class are elegantly furnished. Mirrors of heavy plate-glass reflect decanters and goblets of Bohemian manufacture. Sparkling champagne bubbles up through long-necked glasses, old Bourbon shines out seductively with an amber glow, and the red wines of France burn side by side with the crystal gins from Holland, and the white wines of the Rhine and the Moselle. The furniture is elegant, and the floors of marble, and gilt and flowers and polished woods shine under brilliant lights, inviting the weary statesman, the disappointed lobbyist, and the unsuccessful claim agent to come in and drown his sorrow. The Washington bar-tender corresponds with his bar. He is a nobbily dressed, lively, wide-awake young man, full of spirits, understanding several languages, and as entertaining as a barber in his conversational powers. He understands human nature thoroughly and can generally tell a dead-beat at a glance.

While waiting for a Congressman in one of those gilded palaces of sin the other night, I fell into conversation with one of the old bar tenders of Washington, a man who has mixed drinks for Presidents, and has carried Senators to their rooms in the days when a Senator was considered a little off if he did not drink a little too much now and then. I asked him as to the prevalence of drinking in Washington to-day. He replied:

"MOST OF THE CONGRESSMEN AND SENATORS DRINK,

though there are a great many more total abstainers now than formerly. The Southean members drink more than the Northerners, and they always take whisky while your Northern men now and then indulge in beer. Nearly every Senator from the South drinks, and I have to carry one who buys his liquor here every now and then to his room He commences drinking intending to take only a little, but he likes the taste of the liquor so well that he can't stop, and the result is he gets boozy, and has to be aided off to his room. The foreign Ministers as a rule drink, but they seldom come to the bar. Iwakura, the former Japanese Minister, was a great lover of red wines, and he took his claret daily when I tended bar at the Arlington. Pig Iron Kelley likes wine with his meals, and Chester Arthur, when he was Collector of Customs at New York, during his visits to Washington took brandy and soda before breakfast."

"We have

SOME CURIOUS DRINKERS

among the members of the present House," continued the bar-tender. "A member from South Carolina takes on the average about 40 drinks a day. He fills his glass to the brim every time and tells the bartender his sight is bad and he can't tell how much there is in the glass till it gets too full. Like all of the Southern members, he always drinks whisky, and he takes it straight.

"A member of the House from Kentucky wants three lumps of sugar, a tablespoonful of water, and a pint of whisky for his usual dram. Dust a little nutmeg over this, and, says he, 'it makes a drink for the gods.' He can stand this several times a day, and can repeat it during the evening."

A SNEAK.

"Any others?" asked I.

"Yes," responded the drink-mixer, and went on: "I hate to see a sneak, and the way some Congressmen take drinks on the sly and slink out when they think they are being seen, makes me sick. There is a member from North Carolina, a namby-pamby, utterly-utter, æsthetic Senator, who thinks all the women are in love with him and prefends to be pious. He never drinks whisky when any of his friends are in the bar. He will come in, look around, and if he sees anyone he knows, he will march up to me and ask for change for a quarter, and then slip out. In half an hour he will come back again, and if his faiends are gone, he will call out for "a very pretty cocktail, but he don't mind if I make it a little stiff.' He is an æsthete, you know, and he wants his cocktail 'pretty.' He will drink three of these, and then, filling his vest pocket with cloves, he goes off chewing them to hide his breath. There are a number like him, but he is the only one I know from the South; Southerners generally drink; they like whisky and they don't care who knows it."

THE BREWERY.

"Then there is a Texas Congressman whom the boys call 'the brewery.' He is a queer character. I don't know how much he drinks during the day, nor what he drinks elsewhere

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Matrimonial problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that correspondents will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon a private leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

L. C.E., Weldon, Miss.:—Please inform me if the BLADE is published in Gertrude.

It is not.

N. F. B., Big Horn, Wy.:—Where can I get a Webster's pocket dictionary?

Nelson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., New York City. Price 75 cents and $1.

C. M. B., Honey Station, Tenn.:—Please tell me through the columns of your paper where I can get the history of the late rebellion by some good Federal authority and oblige.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

If the correspondents who asked some one to send "The White Pilgrim," "James Bird," and "Will the New Year Come To-night?" will send addressed and stamped envelopes to this department the poems will be sent. Instead of sending to the parties making the request, they were sent here, but are too long to publish.

L. C. N., Huntsville, Pa.:—1. Was the Queen of England ever visited the United States? 2. What is the meaning of the word gallimaufry? I can not find it in my dictionary. 3. Is there any law to prevent a Roman Catholic from holding the office of President of the United States?

1 No. 2. A hash of various kinds of meats. No.

F. E. Wyman, West Salem, Wis., writes: In answer to T. S. R., Sierra Valley, Cal., I would say that the quotation, "As sets the morning star," etc., is found in "Pollock's Course of Time." In T. S. R.'s location where geological specimens are plenty, and would be or she like to exchange specimens? If so, please address as above.

C. C., Thornburg, Iowa:—Will you please inform me if there was a bill in Congress asking the Government to pay for liquors and cigars used at Garfield's funeral? If so, was it allowed?

The bill of expenses of members of Congress attending the funeral included, it seems, liquors and cigars. The bill was allowed, of course.

J. G. M., Labadie, Mo.:—Tell me how to make pine or whitewood look like walnut.

Take two gallons of very thin sized shellac; add burnt sienna, to a pounds; burnt umber, two pounds; lampblack, one-half pound; shake all together and mix well in a stone jug. Apply one coat with a brush, dry; sandpaper smooth, and apply a coat of common varnish or shellac. It makes a fine imitation of walnut.

Reader, Ino postoffice:—Please give the best remedy known for killing lice on cattle, without injury to the hair.

A mixture of grease and Scotch snuff, rubbed into the skin.

Jennie, Farmers' Station, Ind.:—Please give me plain directions how to make cream candy.

To three pounds of loaf sugar add one-half pint water, and set it over a slow fire for half an hour; then add a teaspoonful of gumarabic, dissolved, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil it till it is brittle, then take it off and flavor with vanilla, rose or orange. Rub the hands with sweet butter, and pull the candy till it is white; then twist or break it, or stretch it out into thin white strips, and cut it off.

L. C. B., Beloit, Wis.:—Please inform me if the firm of Flemming & Merriam, Chicago, is reliable.

If you had read the BLADE you would have known some time ago that the firm had been exposed as frauds, that the members had absconded, and that Flemming is under arrest in Canada. Several others make inquiries, and wish to know how to recover their money. It is lost, if it reached Chicago before the flight of the scoundrels; if sent after that event it will be returned by the Postmaster of Chicago.

S. W. E., Mt. Vernon, O.:—Please give a list of American humorists, both real and fictitious names.

Artemus Ward, Charles F. Browne; Bill Arp, Charles H. Smith; Hans Breitmann, Charles G. Leland; Philander Doesticks, Mortimer N. Thompson; Fat Contributor, A. Miner Griswold; John Phoenix, George H. Derby; Josh Billings, Henry W. Shaw; Sut Lovewood, George W. Harris; Mark Twain, Donald G. Mitchell; Petroleum V. Nasby, David Ross Locke; Orpheus C. Kerr, Robert H. Newell; Mrs. Partington, B. P. Shillaber; K. N. Pepper, James M. Morris; Sam Slick, T. C. Haliburton; Mace Sloper, Charles G. Leland.

B. R., Frampton, Pa.:—1. Is Mr. Blaine a member of the Catholic Church? 2. Is J. G. Blaine a Catholic, and did his daughter marry a Catholic? 3. Will you please publish Sen. Logan's speech against Fitz John Porter's reinstatement to the army? If not, where can I get it?

1. No. 2. Blaine is not a Catholic; we do not know whether his son-in-law is a Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist or Free Thinker, nor do we think it concerns the public what his religion is, or whether he has any. 3. The BLADE published a synopsis of the speech. The Congressional Record and the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette were the only papers, so far as we know, to publish it in full.

L. L. S., Quincy, Mich.:—1. Please give a short sketch of Helen of Troy. 2. Also where her history can be obtained.

1. Helen, in the mythological fables of the Greeks, was the daughter of Jupiter and Leda, married to Menelaus, King of Sparta. She was regarded as the most beautiful woman that ever lived. Her guilty elopement with Paris, one of the sons of Priam, King of Troy, led to the Trojan war, and destruction, after a 10 years' siege, of Troy. Upon the death of Paris she married his brother, Deiphobus, and when the city was at last sacked, returned to Sparta with her husband Menelaus. Being banished from Sparta on the death of Menelaus, she retired to the Island of Rhodes, where, having excited the envy of Polyxo, the Queen of the isle, she was tried to a tree and strangled. 2. At any first-class book store.

M. A. B., Deerfield, Va.:—I need Tristam's book, but it only comes down to Grant. Now will you please give me Vice Presidents, Cabinet officers, Attorney Generals, etc., up to now, so I can paste in my book. If you possibly will not give Arthur's, please turn the others, and accept my thanks for telling us all where to get an administration manual.

Hayes' Administration—Vice President, W. A. Wheeler; Secretary of State, W. M. Evarts; Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman; Secretary of War, G. W. McCrary and Alexander Ramsey; Secretary of the Navy, R. W. Thompson and Nathan Goff; Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz; Postmaster General, D. M. Key and Horace Maynard; Attorney General, Charles Devens. Garfield's Administration—Secretary of State, James G. Blaine; Secretary of the Treasury, Wm. Windom; Secretary of War, Robert T. Lincoln; Secretary of the Navy, W. H. Hunt; Secretary of the Interior, S. J. Kirkwood; Postmaster General, T. L. James; Attorney General, Wayne McVeagh. Arthur's Administration—Secretary of State, E. T. Frelinghuysen; Secretary of the Treasury, C. J. Folger; Secretary of War, R. T. Lincoln; Secretary of the Navy, W. E. Chandler; Secretary of the Interior, H. M. Teller; Postmaster General, Timothy O. Howe; Attorney General, B. H. Brewster.

I. T., Toledo, O.:—In your answers to correspondents will you kindly explain the significance of the word "limited," as applied to corporate bodies, especially in "City of London Fire Insurance Company, limited."

The Companies' act of England, adopted in 1862, was copied from laws in force in the United States. The same formalities are made applicable, with slight variations, to all joint stock companies, whether limited or unlimited. The grand distinction between limited and unlimited companies is, that whereas formerly, if a company contracted debts, no matter how large, every member was liable, if his co-members proved to be unable to pay their proportions, to pay the whole of these debts, even to the last shilling of his fortune; on the other hand, if the company is limited, though its contract debts however large, yet each member can in no event be called on to pay more than he expressly guaranteed; thus he knows at the outset the worst that can befall him. Parties may limit their liability either to the amount, if any, unpaid on their shares, or such amount as they may respectively undertake to contribute to the assets of the company, in the event of its being wound up. In insurance companies, if the policy or contract makes the funds alone liable, such contract will remain good. If the company is limited, it must have its name painted up in a conspicuous place outside its office, and its name must, under a penalty, be printed or engraved on all its notices, advertisements, etc. In England no limited company is authorized to carry on business when the number of members is less than seven, otherwise each such member, if cognizant of the fact, shall be liable for the whole debts of the company.

Old Vet, Forest Ind.:—Did Santa Anna summon Gen. Taylor to surrender before the battle of Buena Vista? If so, what was Gen. Taylor's reply?

February 22, 1847, Gen. Taylor, in command of less than 5,000 men, while Santa Anna had some 20,000, was summoned to surrender by the latter, as follows: "You are surrounded by 20,000 men, and cannot, by any human probability, avoid suffering a rout and being cut to pieces with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice, in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character, to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives at your camp." To this pompous demand Gen. Taylor replied: "I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request." The next day, when the battle was raging furiously and a portion of the Mexican troops had been cut off from the main body, Santa Anna, to gain time, sent another flag of truce, asking Gen. Taylor what he wanted? Orders were given to cease firing, and Gen. Wool was sent to Santa Anna; but, being unable to make the Mexicans cease firing, he returned without an interview, and the battle recommenced. But the wily Mexican leader had accomplished his object in reuniting his scattered forces. The Mexican loss was 2,000, besides deserters. American loss, 267 killed, 456 wounded, 23 missing.

G. W. B., Newburg, W. Va.:—Will you please give an account of the different positions held by Napoleon III, and how he came to be Emperor?

In 1848, after having declined to accept nominations to the Constituent Assembly, he was elected by large majorities in Corsica and three other departments, including that of the Seine, and he finally accepted the latter election. He soon after resigned his seat and returned to London. He was again re-elected, and took his seat in the Constituent Assembly, which speedily revoked the decree of banishment. He was distrusted, however, and an amendment was introduced with a view to exclude him from the Presidency of the Republic. On this occasion he made his first speech, and Thiers called him a "wooden head." During the Presidential election he sought to conciliate all parties without identifying himself with any. December 10, 1848, he was elected President of the Republic for four years. Napoleon courted popularity with the masses and the army, and the Assembly, jealous of his influence, sought to cripple him in every way. Finally, December 2, 1851, Napoleon, assisted by life-long adherents, overthrew the Assembly by military force and took possession of the whole Government. His appeal to the people in the general elections (December 20-21) resulted in the confirmation of his usurpation, and his election to the Presidency for 10 years, and on March 28 he relinquished the Dictatorship to assume the office of President. The Senate, obedient to his behests, voted almost unanimously (Nov. 7) in favor of the restoration of the Empire, and he resorted once more to his favorite measure of appealing to the people. The voice of the Senate was ratified by nearly 8,000,000 votes, and December 2 he ascended the throne as Napoleon III., hereditary Emperor of the French, by the grace of God and by the will of the Nation.

P. M. C., Tontogany, O.:—1. What are we to understand by "The Lime Kiln Club?" 2. Did the term "scot-free" get its origin from the Dred Scott case? and if so is it properly used? 3. Please give a brief synopsis of the origin of the Protestant Church.

1. The creation of a pleasant writer. 2. No. Scot, a tax, contribution, or fine; hence scot-free, release from any penalty. 3. According to Luther, "God ordered that he should become a monk, that being taught by experience, he might take up his pen against the Pope." He did take up his pen against the Pope, but it was not until the promulgation of an indulgence under the authority of Pope Leo X. that he took a decided stand. The person intrusted with the dispensation of these indulgences in Saxony was a Dominican monk named Tetzel, who seems to have discharged his functions in a manner which many devout Catholics regarded as profane. He made the granting of ecclesiastical remissions little if any better than open sale. Against this profanation of holy things Luther raised a bold protest in the famous 95 Latin theses which he posted upon the doors of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg, October 31, 1517. These theses, although submitting the entire controversy to the decision of the Pope, contained nevertheless the germs of the Protestant doctrines. They spread with the velocity of lightning through the press, now for the first time turned to account in a popular agitation. Luther hurled several violent and effective pamphlets against Rome, and thus he was led, step by step, against his original intention, to a complete emancipation of the system in which he was educated. To use his own language, he was "rough, boisterous, stormy, and altogether warlike, born to fight innumerable devils and monsters, to remove stumps and stones, to cut down thistles and thorns, and to clear wild woods." In 1534 he completed the translation of the whole Bible, the work of many years, which retains its place to this day.

Jarvis, Nattapoisett:—I am a subscriber and can ask as foolish questions as any one. I wish to know the process of treating bones so I can use them on my farm. Where can the machine be got, if any is wanted?

Try this method: Take an old flour barrel and put into the bottom a layer of hard-wood ashes; put a layer of bones on the top of the ashes, and add another layer of ashes, filling the space between the bones with them; then add bones and ashes alternately, finishing off with a thick layer of ashes. When your barrel is filled pour water on (chamber lye is better,) just sufficient to keep them wet, but do not on any account suffer it to leach one drop; for that would be like leaching your dunghcap. In the course of time they will heat, and eventually soften down so that you can crumble them with your finger. When sufficiently softened, dump them out of the barrel on a heap of dry loam, and pulverize and crumble them till they are completely amalgamated into one homogenous mass with the loam, so that it can be easily handled and distributed when required. This manure will show good results wherever used. If you have inch bone ground in a bone mill, and cannot afford to purchase sulphuric acid to work it up into superphosphate of lime, you can reduce your bones into a fine impalpable powder by simply using three barrels of loamy soil to every barrel of ich bones; mix them together. The bones will soon begin to heat and ferment, and continue so for some time; they will then cool off. You will then proceed to chop down and pulverize and work the mass thoroughly; it will begin to heat and ferment and cool down again; and you will continue working it over till the contents are brought to the proper state of fineness, when you will have a fertilizer of astonishing power. Write to W. L. Boyer & Bro., Philadelphia, Pa., about machine, if you think you need one. While on the subject of manures, we will add that by the practice of hauling dead horses or cows to the woods to rot farmers lose a chance to make $20 worth of manure for almost nothing. Remove the carcass and put down four or five loads of muck or sods, place the carcass thereon, and sprinkle it over with quick-lime, and cover over immediately with sods or mould sufficient to make with what had been previously added, 20 good wagon loads. In 12 months you will have a pile of manure worth $20 for any crop you choose to put it upon. Use a proportionate quantity of mould for smaller animals, but never less than 20 good wagon loads for a horse. Shoot the dogs, if they molest the deposit.

J. S. F., Berlin, Kan.:—Please give a complete list of United States Senators, with politics, and when their terms expire.

This request has been on hand some time, but we preferred to wait until all deadlocks were broken. The list is now complete, with the exception of one member from New Hampshire, to be chosen in June, who will be a Republican:

	Term expires.		Term expires.
Alabama.		*Missouri.*	
J. T. Morgan, D.	1889	George G. Vest, D.	1885
James L. Pugh, D.	1885	F. M. Cockrell, D.	1887
Arkansas.		*Nebraska.*	
A. H. Garland, D.	1889	C. F. Manderson, R.	1889
Jas. D. Walker, D.	1885	C. H. Van Wyck, R.	1887
California.		*Nevada.*	
Jas. T. Farley, D.	1885	John P. Jones, R.	1885
John F. Miller, R.	1887	James G. Fair, D.	1887
Colorado.		*New Hampshire.*	
T. M. Bowen, R.	1889	To be chosen in	
Nath. P. Hill, R.	1885	June, R.	1889
Connecticut.		Henry W. Blair, R.	1885
Orville H. Platt, R.	1885	*New Jersey.*	
Jos. R. Hawley, R.	1887	J. R. McPherson, D.	1889
Delaware.		Wm. J. Sewell, R.	1887
E. Sanilsbury, D.	1889	*New York.*	
Thos. F. Bayard, D.	1885	E. G. Lapham, R.	1885
Florida.		Warner Miller, R.	1887
Wilkinson Call, D.	1885	*North Carolina.*	
Chas. W. Jones, D.	1885	M. W. Ransom, D.	1889
Georgia.		Zebulon B. Vance, D.	1885
A. H. Colquitt, D.	1889	*Ohio.*	
Jos. E. Brown, D.	1885	G. H. Pendleton, D.	1885
Illinois.		John Sherman, R.	1887
S. M. Cullom, R.	1889	*Oregon.*	
John A. Logan, R.	1885	J. N. Dolph, R.	1889
Indiana.		Jas. H. Slater, D.	1885
D. W. Voorhees, D.	1885	*Pennsylvania.*	
Benj. Harrison, R.	1887	J. D. Cameron, R.	1885
Iowa.		John I. Mitchell, R.	1887
J. F. Wilson, R.	1889	*Rhode Island.*	
Wm. B. Allison, R.	1885	H. B. Anthony, R.	1889
Kansas.		N. W. Aldrich, R.	1887
P. B. Plumb, R.	1889	*South Carolina.*	
John J. Ingalls, R.	1885	M. C. Butler, D.	1889
Kentucky.		Wade Hampton, D.	1885
J. B. Beck, D.	1889	*Tennessee.*	
Jno. S. Williams, D.	1885	I. G. Harris, D.	1889
Louisiana.		H. E. Jackson, D.	1887
R. L. Gibson, D.	1889	*Texas.*	
Benj. F. Jonas, D.	1885	R. Coke, D.	1889
Maine.		Sam. Bell Maxey, D.	1887
W. P. Frye, R.	1889	*Vermont.*	
Eugene Hale, R.	1887	J. S. Morrill, R.	1885
Maryland.		Geo. F. Edmunds, R.	1887
Jas. B. Groome, D.	1888	*Virginia.*	
A. P. Gorman, D.	1887	H. H. Riddleberger, Read.	1887
Massachusetts.		Wm. Mahone, Read.	1887
G. F. Hoar, R.	1889	*West Virginia.*	
H. L. Dawes, R.	1885	J. E. Kenna, D.	1889
Michigan.		J. N. Camden, D.	1887
T. W. Palmer, R.	1889	*Wisconsin.*	
Omar D. Conger, R.	1887	Angus Cameron, R.	1885
Minnesota.		Philetus Sawyer, R.	1887
D. M. Sabin, R.	1889	*Summary.*	
S. J. R. McMillan, R.	1887	Republicans	38
Mississippi.		Democrats	39
L. Q. C. Lamar, D.	1889	Readjusters	2
Jas. Z. George, D.	1885		

Postoffice Address Wanted.

By Newton Felton, Burton, Mich., of Dr. Sheckel, in charge of Ward 1, Hospital 19, Nashville, in 1863-64.

By Peter Richard, Brock, Nemaha Co., Mo., of the Surgeon in charge of Cumberland Hospital, Nashville, in December, 1861; also of the Surgeon in charge at Jeffersonville, in February, 1865.

By H. C. Cleveland, Elk, Noble Co., O., of Dr. Thrall, 27th O. V. I.

By William Eaton, Bloomfield, Mo., of William Eaton, Sr.

By A. H. Swan, Wellington, Kan., of Elijah Reed, 25th Mich. Inf.

By Mrs. Clarise Davis, Omaha, Ill., of her brother, M. F. Allyn.

By J. W. Green, Green City, Mo., of Col. C. S. Sheldon, 18th Mo.

Some one (Sylvania, O.,) wants address of Surgeon, Nash, 14th Ohio, but neglects to sign his name.

By J. A. Parish, Fossil, Ore., of Capt. A. Cannon, Co. H, 36th Wis.

By Mrs. M. J. Osborn, Scio, Linn Co., Ore., of her father, Dansey Brown.

By Mrs. L. V. Woods, Bellevue, Iowa, of E. E. Kenekot.

By J. A. Nesbit, Queensbury, Warren Co., N. Y., of Prof. Young, the horse doctor.

By Miss Grace Oliver, Rome, Ind., of her cousin, C. Y. Hathaway.

By N. N. W. Burleson, Gfrard, Clayton Co., Iowa, of Surgeon Holly, in charge of Camp Barry Post Hospital, Washington, in 1863.

By S. Crownhart, Herbert (no State), of some member of Co. D, 57th Wis., who was with Napoleon Crownhart at Port Hudson.

By Mrs. A. E. Goodspeed, Wonconia, Fayette Co., Iowa, of her brother, John M. Sheffield.

By Osgood Bullock, Castle Rock, Wash. Ter., of Dr. Ward, connected with Camp Dennison, and Dr. Elmore, 137th N. Y. Vol.

By J. C. Miller, Lone Pine, Pa., of his son, Lyman S. Miller.

By Mrs. M. J. Gibson, of her two cousins, children of Luke and Mary E. Farwell; also of Fanny Long or any of her children.

By J. B. Taylor, Swanton, O., of any comrades of Co. I, N. Y. Vols, who went on board the Ericson for New Orleans in the Fall of 1862.

By Fred Krohn, Larchland, Warren Co., Ill., of Christopher Krohn, or any of his children.

By Miss Sarah A. Morrow, Mondamin, Iowa, of Mrs. Sarah A Sanburn.

By Mrs. M. J. Lindsey, Lone Spring, Hickory Co., Mo., of Sergt Wm. G. Anderson, 60th Ind. Vol.

By Geo. Robinson, Coesse, Whitley Co., Ind., of James or George Gibson, who emigrated from Ireland about 1868.

By Mrs. M. F. Harris, Economy, Macon Co., Mo., of Mrs. Lydia A. Reed.

By Thos. Keys, Beechtree, Pa., of Surgeon McDonald, 3d Brig., 5th A. C., Fall and Winter of 1864, at Baltimore.

By Mrs. H. Defendorf, Dowagiac, Mich., of Hattie Armstrong, who lived in Dowagiac 20 years ago.

By James Western, Oneida, Idaho, of Lieut. C. Reynolds, Veteran Reserve Corps, Annapolis, in 1864; also of Drs. Radcliff and Ely.

By John Wade, Ray's Hill, Bedford Co., Pa., of some members of Cos. B or C, 14th Iowa Inf.

By R. W. Wright, Augusta, Eau Clair Co., Wis., of the Regimental Surgeon of the 21st Ill. Inf.

By Mrs. T. S. Winchell, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, of W. H. Richmond.

By W. P. Mix, Nolesha, Wilson Co., Kan., of Surgeon Logan, W. D. Jones. Capt. C. K. Crumb, Lieut. S. Miner and C. Wilken, 53d O. V. I.

By L. P. Hyatt, Alanthus, Mo., of Dr. G. W. Williams, formerly of Humboldt, Kan.

By S. S. Vansickel, Bull's City, Kan., of Lieut. Pape and Sergt. Alex. Fortune.

By Stephen Brown, Brookfield, Pa., of Dr. C. B. Dorrell, 86th N. Y. Inf.

By G. A. Clingan, Hutchinson, Kan., of Surgeon Andrew J. Willey, Lieut. Geo. M. Swaim, J. W. Nelson, A. C. Leonard, Co. C, 7th Iowa Cav.

By Woodford Catlin, Blaine, Kan., of Surgeon Wm. H. Kinley, G. W. Stevens, or John P. Glenn, Co. B, 8th Iowa Cav.

By R. W. Wright, Augusta, Wis., of the regimental Surgeon of the 21st Ill. Inf.

By A. J. Watt, Brond Ford, Fayette Co., Pa., of Capt. Wm. Clark, 147th Pa. Inf.

By Wm. Lane, Broad Ford, Fayette Co., Pa., of Dr. West, Surgeon Ward H, Clayville, Md., in 1865.

By P. Gould, Lake Eustis, Orange Co., Fla., of James Frue, Co. G, 6th Mich, Art., or any of his family.

By G. W. Letts, Washington City, Iowa, of W. P. Johnston, graduate of Yale, class '32.

By J. A. Buchanan, Moscow, Idaho, of the daughters of John Wright, an old pioneer of Indiana.

By Edmund Richards, Elk Creek, Erie Co., Pa., of his brother Giles William.

By Charles Venables, Plainview, Wabasha Co., Minn., of any member of Co. C, 17th Ill. Inf.; also of Samuel Rhinehart, who formerly lived at Trivoli, Peoria Co., Ill.

By D. M. Hayworth, Mt. Vernon, Mo., of W. H. L. Barrows and W. Northern.

By O. O. Trine, Land, Whitley Co., Ind., of George Friend, in the West End Hospital, Cincinnati in 1864; also of the surgeons in charge.

By J. A. Mott, Hinesborough, Ill., of Mrs. S. E. or Allen Myers, supposed to be in Kansas.

By Florence Bunker, Wilson, Kan., of her brother, Richard Bunker.

By B. W. Collins, Whitehall, Ill., of J. F. Ramsey, some member of the family of David Collins, S. C. Likely and S. F. Jackson.

By Martha Gunn, Peck's Run, W. Va., of W. O. Gunn, supposed to be in Missouri.

By James Western, Oneida, Idaho, of Dr. Case, 43d N. Y. Vol.

By Kimble Abbott, Leipsic, Putnam Co., O., of W. D. Evans, John Collins, John Hamilton, John Sidener, Joseph Higgins, John Brown, M. R. Schell and Hugh Ralston, 27th O. V. I. drum corps; also of P. D. Barrett, musician, 39th O. V. I.

Information Furnished.

The address of Abram Graffis is Bremen, Fairfield Co., O. His grandfather, Nicholas Graffis, was the first of the name that came to America. This in answer to M. Whitman.

The address of Sergt. F. B. Town is Hopkins Station, Allegan Co., Mich.

The address of S. G. West is Daggett, Menominee Co., Mich.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering I will send (free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing 20c. signed by Andrew Cabie, no postoffice, County of State.

Letter containing $2 for 11 names, signed J. Preston, no postoffice, County of State.

Letter containing 10c, signed A. Davis, no postoffice, County or State.

Letter dated at Flat Rock, no County or State, containing 20c. to pay for BLADE for B. Moor, signed Nicholas Auer.

Letter containing 20c, no postoffice, County or State, signed DIXON Bartley.

Letter containing 15c; wants Blade commencing November 23; no name or address.

Letter containing $1, signed Mrs. D. Jeffers, no address.

Letter containing $1, postmarked North Topeka Station, Topeka, Kan., no name or address.

Letter containing $2, dated at Union City, no County or State, papers ordered for G. Hixson and Mrs. L. Miller.

Letter containing $1.50 for papers for John A. T. Reid and Joseph S. Reid, no address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Harvey, no County or State, signed Mrs. R. C. White.

Letter containing $1, from Hutchinson, Kan., time expired February 2, no name.

Letter containing $1, from Rosefield, Ill., no name attached.

Letter containing $1, paper ordered for C. P. Smith, no address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Frankfort, no County or State, signed by A. S. Doe.

Letter containing $1, dated at Rutland, no County or State, to pay for Blade for E. Martin, signed J. F. Wells, P. M.

Letter containing $1, dated Track Department, Texas & Pac. Ry., signed Chas. Newbert, no address.

Letter containing $1, signed Jane Englehart, no address.

Letter containing $1, signed Francis Kibbey, no address.

Letter containing $1, signed A. J. Wood, no address.

Letter containing $1 from McPherson, Kan., no name or address.

If L. A. Graves, who complains of getting two Blades will give his full postoffice address the error will be corrected.

The C., C., C. & I.

CLEVELAND, March 7.—The stockholder of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis Railway at their annual meeting to-day elected E. S. Brown, of Columbus, George H. Russel, of Cleveland, A. G. Dulman and William Bayard Cutting, of New York, Directors—all re-elected except Mr. Cutting, who is President of the St. Louis, Alton & Terre Haute, and under the agreement of the lease of his road to the Bee Line, takes a seat in the Board of Directors, made vacant by the retirement of H. R. Batzler, of New York. Pres. Devereaux voted the Vanderbilt shares. A special meeting will be called to vote on ratifying the lease of the St. Louis, Alton Terre Haute.

President Devereaux's annual report shows the total earnings for 1882, were $4,441,600, an increase of about 1½ per cent. Total expenditures, $3,560,000. The operating expenses 66⅔ per cent, a slight decrease. The net earnings were $881,630, an increase of nearly 5 per cent. The bonded debt was decreased $45,000, and is now $6,365,000. The company lost ten day's business by the Cincinnati floods.

"Municipal Reform" in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, March 7.—About 30 gentlemen, representing both political parties, after holding several private meetings, have published the organization and object of the Municipal Reform Association. The object is declared to be to promote the election of honest and capable men to municipal offices in Cincinnati, without regard to party. The operations of the Association will be confined strictly to municipal offices and elections. The members will be composed of all citizens willing to promote the above resolutions. The officers are: President, Rufus King; Vice Presidents, Wm. Henry Davis, H. C. Urner, Jos. Tromstine, John McGrail, Alex H. McGuffey, Dr. T. R. Spence; Treasurer, Jos. P. Carberry; Secretary, J. D. Brannan.

NO TROUBLE TO SWALLOW

Dr. Pierce's "Hellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

More Trouble for Ayer.

CHICAGO, March 7.—A bill has been filed against Herbert C. Ayer and a number of railway companies by the Otis Iron and Steel Company of Cleveland, to prevent them from paying over any money to Ayer or the Union National Bank. Ayer acted as the Otis Company's agent, receiving a commission on sales, but has made no remittance since January 31, and is now owing them $43,000, less commission, for steel sold by him. It is alleged Ayer tried to transfer these accounts to the Union National Bank. Complainant asks for an injunction to prevent the defendant from paying over to the bank, or Ayer from collecting such claims. A similar bill was filed by the Standard Steel Company of Lewiston, Pa., against Ayer and a number of railway companies, the amount of the claim being $14,000.

Condition of the United States Treasury.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—A statement of the United States Treasury shows gold, silver and United States notes in the Treasury as follows:

Gold coin and bullion	$178,761,784
Silver dollars and bullion	104,920,949
Fractional silver coin	27,368,571
United States notes	47,336,446
Total	$358,517,920
Certificates outstanding—gold	48,122,820
Silver	34,634,000
Currency	10,355,000

That *sense of extreme weariness* indicates disordered blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and invigorates.

One of the James Gang Pardoned.

ST. LOUIS, March 8.—Gov. Crittenden has pardoned Clarence Hite, a noted member of the James gang, who pleaded guilty to train robbery in February, 1882, and was sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment. The pardon was issued on the recommendation of the penitentiary physician and board of inspectors. Hite is in the last stages of consumption. Since his incarceration he has been in hospital two-thirds of the time. He is weak and emaciated and his voice is nearly gone. Accompanied by his brother-in-law, he started for his father's home in Logan County, Ky. There is speculation as to the effect of Hite's pardon upon Frank James' prospects. It is believed that if he went on the witness stand or made deposition he could send James to the penitentiary.

Killed by Kindness.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Sunberry, a young couple, went out sleigh-riding, taking with them their infant daughter. It was intensely cold. The child was muffled to the eyes in soft robes and wrappings. When the ride was over and home was reached the baby was dead in its mother's arms. Her grief is heartrending.

Rheumatism Positively Cured

in the shortest time. Write for free 40-page pamphlet on rheumatism, to R. K. Heiphenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

Gloomy Outlook in England.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The statistical agent of the Department of Agriculture in London, reports continued rains and floods, great injury to the wheat crop and gloomy apprehensions of the worst failure for years. The area is reduced and much resowing will be necessary. There is also much alarm at the spread of foot and mouth disease among cattle. Local fairs throughout Great Britian have been closed, and orders issued to prohibit the movement of farm animals from Scotland to Ireland until March 31.

Investigating Insane Asylums.

ALBANY, March 8.—At the Assembly inquiry into the management of charitable institutions of the State, Miss Clarissa C. Lathrop, of Rochester, testified regarding abuses at the Utica Insane Asylum. The doctors in the asylum were guilty of grossly immoral conduct toward female patients, and she cited several cases told her by victims.

Murderous Outrage.

CHICAGO, March 8.—Mrs. Mary Hoffman, a widow, was found dead in her bed this morning, with her throat cut from ear to ear. Her son, Frank Hoffman, aged 19, was found in the room in a drunken stupor, and was arrested. He says he knows nothing about the murder.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing 20c. signed by Andrew Cabie, no postoffice, County of State.

Letter containing $2 for 11 names, signed J. Preston, no postoffice, County of State.

Letter containing 10c, signed A. Davis, no postoffice, County or State.

Letter dated at Flat Rock, no County or State, containing 20c. to pay for BLADE for B. Moor, signed Nicholas Auer.

Letter containing 20c, no postoffice, County or State, signed DIXON Bartley.

Letter containing 15c; wants Blade commencing November 23; no name or address.

Letter containing $1, signed Mrs. D. Jeffers, no address.

Letter containing $1, postmarked North Topeka Station, Topeka, Kan., no name or address.

Letter containing $2, dated at Union City, no County or State, papers ordered for G. Hixson and Mrs. L. Miller.

Letter containing $1.50 for papers for John A. T. Reid and Joseph S. Reid, no address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Harvey, no County or State, signed Mrs. R. C. White.

Letter containing $1, from Hutchinson, Kan., time expired February 2, no name.

Letter containing $1, from Rosefield, Ill., no name attached.

Letter containing $1, paper ordered for C. P. Smith, no address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Frankfort, no County or State, signed by A. S. Doe.

Letter containing $1, dated at Rutland, no County or State, to pay for Blade for E. Martin, signed J. F. Wells, P. M.

Letter containing $1, dated Track Department, Texas & Pac. Ry., signed Chas. Newbert, no address.

Letter containing $1, signed Jane Englehart, no address.

Letter containing $1, signed Francis Kibbey, no address.

Letter containing $1, signed A. J. Wood, no address.

Letter containing $1 from McPherson, Kan., no name or address.

If L. A. Graves, who complains of getting two Blades will give his full postoffice address the error will be corrected.

The C., C., C. & I.

CLEVELAND, March 7.—The stockholder of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis Railway at their annual meeting to-day elected E. S. Brown, of Columbus, George H. Russel, of Cleveland, A. G.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, March 15.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

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LARGEST AND BEST WEEKLY PUBLISHED.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 84,000.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AT $1.

We ask everybody not a regular subscriber of the WEEKLY BLADE to examine this copy and see if anywhere you can get so large a dollar's worth. Here you have all the news properly prepared and arranged; the best stories; the best markets; the best Household Department; "Nasby's" Letters from Europe, which will be continued throughout the year; a score of other features, found in no other paper; always sound, always right, always fresh, and always fully up with the times; 64 long columns, carefully prepared, not thrown together. It is eminently a paper for the people. It circulates in every State and Territory in the Union, and at almost every Postoffice. For 20 years the most popular weekly in America.

Mr. LOCKE (Nasby) will return to America in May, and will commence at once a fresh series of Nasby cross roads letters on current topics. The BLADE during the coming year will be better than ever, which is saying a great deal, as for many years it has been acknowledged the best.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. Enclose $1 at once and get the BLADE regularly, postage paid, for 52 weeks. It is worth ten times the money in any family. Whoever sends us a club of ten, with $10, will receive the eleventh copy free.

Please send us the names and addresses of your friends to whom we may send specimen copies. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

"THE RED ACORN."

The announcement of Mr. JOHN MCELROY'S new book—the "Red Acorn"—has been followed by a most gratifying result. Over 2,000 copies have been sold already, in advance of publication. If this rate continues the book will have one most astonishing success of any book of the day.

The story has certainly great elements of popularity. It has a fresh, lively manner of dealing with people and things that make it very attractive. Its characters are real, true, every-day men and women, who live, move and have their being, in the most fascinatingly natural way. The description of camp scenes and battles are wonderfully vivid.

The book is handsomely gotten-up, finely illustrated, and printed in large, clear type. The price is only $1. HENRY A. SUMNER & Co., Chicago, Ills., are publishers.

ATLANTA is making war on the sparrows.

THE Madagascar Embassador's name is pronounced Ra-voon-ee-nite-ee-treen-ee-areevo.

DANA, MASS., has recently voted two to one that no liquor shall be sold in the town.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S recent severe illness is said to have been caused by an attempt to poison him.

IN Canada there are now 81,633 Indians living upon reserved lands. They raised 900,000 bushels of grain last year, and 200,000 bushels of potatos.

DR. GEORGE E. WALTON, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, advises consumptives to keep away from Florida on account of the relaxing, enervating character of its climate.

HOPE beams. A great many cigar manufacturers are promising that when the tax is lowered they will give us the good old fashioned "half Spanish" cigars at a cent apiece.

PEOPLE should remember all the time that the Act of Congress reducing the postage will not go into effect until next October. This is to give time to use up all the three-cent stamps one has on hand.

THE town of Naples in Idaho has a unique jail. It is simply a hole in the ground, and prisoners are dropped in there with the warning that the guard will shoot at any head that appears above the edge.

FRIDAY, there was a riot in Paris caused by the efforts of the police to prevent the holding of a public meeting by the Socialist. Friday evening HERR MOST spoke in Concordia Hall in New York, urging revolution, but there was no excitement and not a policeman to be seen. Note the contrast. There is nothing like telling people they shall not talk to make them determined to use their tongues.

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book, and the best selling book of this season is "Nasby in Exile." Write the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Since Congress adjourned every one has been studying the Tariff bill, and its effects. In the main there is general satisfaction with it, and it is believed that farther study will enhance the opinion found of it. It is thought that the general effect of the new law will be healthful, not because it reduces duties, excepting in cases where the old duties were so high as to expose industries to peculiar dangers, but mainly because of the incalculably greater definiteness and precision of the new Tariff. In a thousand cases, the home manufacture will be helped, because the competing foreign article can no longer be brought in at different rates through different ports, or at rates changing year by year with varying decisions of the Treasury. We have faith that the general benefit of the Act will be so great that they will far outweigh the evil effects to special kinds of work. And, finally, the avoidance of agitation in the future, and of probable overthrow of vital parts of the protective system next year, is a benefit, the value of which cannot be measured.

THE resignation of Treasurer GILFILLAN makes the promotion of his Assistant possible, whose place may also be filled by promotion if the Civil Service plan is to be followed. A number of ex-Congressmen have fixed their eyes on places, and propose to turn out the present incumbents to make room for themselves, and with this end have brought all their influence to bear. Auditorships would not be refused by certain Congressmen now retired, and rumors fly fast as to which of the six will be displaced for their accommodation. Altogether the situation is a most interesting one to an outsider, but the general feeling of unrest which has been developed by the stories in circulation add much to the proverbially unhappy lot of officeholders in the Departments.

THE sensitiveness of the community to evil prediction was shown by the influence of WIGGINS'S predictions of a fearful storm, which was to begin in the Pacific Ocean on the 9th and rage with unparalelled destructiveness on to the 11th. There was no approach to any unusual storm anywhere on those dates, and the poor dupes who had been thrown into mental agitation that in some cases verged on insanity, are recovering their equipoise as best they can,

THE most exciting occurrence in Europe the past week was the riot in Paris, caused by the assembling of a crowd of Socialists in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville last Friday. It purported to be a meeting of the workingmen, but they really constituted but a small portion of the 4,000 or 5,000 persons gathered there. The affair was probably planned by the Anarchists and Reactionists for the purpose of bringing the Government into disrepute, but it failed. It is now proposed to hold a grand meeting of all Socialists in the Champ de Mars on the 18th. The tone of the leaders is menacing in the extreme, violence towards the police and troops being urged. On Sunday a meeting of 2,000 persons was held to protest against the action of the Chamber of Deputies which had rejected a motion to consider the question of a revision of the Constitution.

IN Russia the most interesting event of the week was the death of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, who was the Chancellor from to 1856 within a few months when ill health compelled him to retire. He was a famous diplomat and the most powerful nobleman in Russia for many years. The Nihilists are still busy. Among the prisoners to be arraigned at the approaching trial of Nihilists are several important State criminals, three naval officers, an army officer, and KOMISOFF, the constructor of the famous mine in Little Garden street in St. Petersburg.

THE Chief Secretary of Ireland made a speech in the House of Commons on Saturday, stating that Ireland was more tranquil than she had been for some time past. Meanwhile, the most terrible reports come from County Donegal regarding the distress there. In consequence of the famine, fever and other sickness begins to prevail so that the situation is becoming alarmingly critical.

THE French produced the first ironclad, it being commenced at Toulon in 1858. It was called "La Gloire." The English soon followed suit and by 1865 had no less 30.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY has received a specimen of a rare and curious plant, *Schinus molle*, from South America. It is called the "insect plant," as the leaves, when placed in water, will dart about on the surface like "skipjacks." They resemble sumac leaves, and are supposed to derive their curious movements from little sacs of oil, which explode on touching the water. The oil is expelled with great force, driving the leaf through the water. Altogether the plant is a curious one and well worthy of cultivation in greenhouses.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, the famous Russian diplomat and statesman who died Sunday at Baden-Baden, Germany, was 85 years old. He occupied much the same position with respect to Russian politics as BISMARCK has in Germany for so many years, though recently he was compelled to give up public life through failing health. His Chancellorship began in 1856, and that it has lasted so many years is an evidence of his remarkable powers.

THE Treasury clerks anticipate a great deal of trouble with the Tariff Bill. It changes so many things that were already very complicated. The methods of computation and imposing duties, rates and classification are all new and mixed up. The immense list of custom-decisions made during the last 20 years are almost all rendered useless, and many cases will have to go before the courts again. One involving over $3,000,000 will soon be appealed.

THERE seems to be an industrial depression in Austria shown by the dismissing of numbers of workmen from a large manufactory in Vienna. The usual number of laborers employed there is 6,000, of whom about 4,000 have been thrown out of employment. The trouble is said to be caused by the lack of orders from abroad.

THE Prince of Wales is apt to seek out Americans to associate with when he is upon the Continent. The reason is supposed to be that they treat him with less ceremony and more good fellowship than those who have been accustomed to always showing deference to loyalty.

REDUCING THE MIDDLE-MEN.

The Grangers of a few years ago had a glimmering of a great fundamental truth, when they began their strenuous crusade against the "Middle-men."

The idea that the Middle-men are a direct tax upon the profits of the farmer is entirely correct. The Grangers made their mistake in going about the elimination of the offensive element in an impulsive, hot-headed, irrational way, that defeated its purpose, as such methods are likely to.

In the first place they did not make the term "Middleman" comprehensive enough. They confined it to the grain-buyer at the nearest railroad station, and the store keeper who sold them their agricultural implements and family supplies. As is usually the case they struck at what was in sight, and nearest to them. In reality these were the least important.

In reality the Middlemen include all who stand between two classes of producers. In the case of the Western farmers they begin with the grain-buyer at the station, pass on to the railroad company that hauls the grain away, include the commission merchants, elevator men, etc., who handle it at various stages in its career, and take toll for the same, then the vessel owners who transport it over the ocean, next another set of brokers and commission men in Europe, who have to have their profits before the grain reaches the consumer. Then the goods which the farmers desire in return for their grain and meat have to come back the same wearisome distance, and through the same multifarious lands, that each take something for profit, until at last both farmer in Kansas and cloth-maker in England get but a portion of the returns they should for their several products.

Every man who stands between two classes of producers, and compels them to exchange through him, is a Middleman, who must be paid by one or both classes, and, consequently, is an expense, a dimunition of profits, a reduction of the proceeds of labor. The greater the distance between two classes of producers, the more there will be of these Middlemen, and the less the producers will receive for their products.

A Tariff which protects home industries is the surest way to reduce the number of Middle-men, and diminish their exactions upon producers. As long as JOHN SMITH, who raises corn and cattle in Kansas, must send both 5,000 miles across land and sea to sell them to JAMES BROWN, who makes calico, and THOMAS JONES, who forges tools, just that long will there be an immense army of Middle-men to devour the legitimate profits of the labor of SMITH, BROWN and JONES. The closer these different classes of producers can be brought together, the more each will get for their labor. As SMITH cannot take his cornfield and meadow to the neighborhood of BROWN'S factory and JONES'S forge, we enact a Tariff which will encourage BROWN and JONES to move their factory to the neighborhood of SMITH'S corn-field and meadow.

IN 1878 an immense red spot made its appearance on the planet Jupiter. Of course it excited much attention among astronomers and—almost equally a matter of course—provoked a fierce controversy, and many theories. Some stargazers think that it is a rift in the planet's cloud-envelope, which reveals the molten nucleus, others have an idea that it was an immense piece of floating sky revolving with the planet and now melting, and still others believe that it was smoke from the long continued volcanic eruptions. Whatever may be the cause, it has now disappeared, and with it has an extensively interesting phenomenon. Some idea of the immense size of our distant neighbor may be gained from the fact that though the spot was 26,000 miles long by 6,000 or 8,000 wide, yet it was only a mere speck on the surface of the giant orb. Our earth is about 25,000 miles in circumference; so the spot, if laid on it, would reach round it with 1,000 miles to spare.

A PARTY of enthusiastic Irish is endeavoring to revive the ancient Irish or Erse tongue. For this purpose a stock company is to be organized. It will publish a paper in Irish, and an Erse dictionary. The study of the Keltic language and literature is becoming popular among European philologists. The most noted works on the subject are those of German scholars — WINDISCH, ZIMMER, EBEL and ZEUSS. Unfortunately they are in German, and until lately there was no translation; but Dr. NORMAN MOORE has recently done "Windisch's Compendium of Irish Grammar" into English. In various other conutries celebrated linguists are taking up the study. Prof. ZIMMER, of the University of Griefswald, in a letter written to the Secretary of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, says:

It would be a shame for the rising generation of Irishmen if they failed to revive the Irish language, now existing in the remote districts of Kerry, Galway, Mayo, Donegal, and elsewhere; and from the grade of of a *patois*, to raise it anew to the rank of a cultivated language, which, from the evidence of a copios literature, it held for more than 1,000 years.

SCOTLAND, as well as Switzerland, can boast of ancient "lake-dwellers." In Wigtownshire numerous "crannoges," as they are called by the Scots, have been found in the lakes, which are often literally studded with them. So far very few warlike tools have been found, but there are great quantities of querns, hammerstones, polishers, flint-flakes, scrapers, spindle whorls, pins, needles, bolkins, knives, made of red-deer horns, with many other articles of the same material, wooden bowls, ladles and other vessels, some turned on a lathe, iron knives, saws, axes, hammers, chisels and gages, crucibles and many lumps of iron-slag. The lake people appear to have been a peaceful, industrious race, partially civilized.

THE Parisians seem to be progressing backward. The Comptoir d'Escompte is lighted by 150 electric lamps, all fed by battery-power. The reason for this antiquated method is that no engine is allowed on the premises, for fear of fire. The beauties of the American system of lighting by means of wires from an outside station, have apparently not dawned on the French.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

Since announcing that our stock of this remarkable cheap book is drawing to a close, our sales have increased, and the last few hundred copies will go rapidly. We now have some 500 copies left, but more than 1,000 of our readers will want one, and in the end some will be disappointed. It is a large, handsome, illustrated $3 book postpaid by mail for $1.25. See announcement on eighth page of this issue.

WOMAN'S INDUSTRIAL UNION.

CAMDEN, N. J., March 3, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

Some time ago you told us about the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, speaking particularly of the Industrial Department. Will you tell us something about the Protective Department, what its object is, etc.? Yours truly, MRS. L. ANDERS.

The work done in the Protective Department of the Union is some of the most important of all that is accomplished by the organization. It is to compel the payment of money due to working women which has been unjustly withheld. Doubtless at first thought it seems as if there could be few cases where money honestly owed would be kept back by employers if they could possibly pay, but unfortunately for the credit of humanity there are many such. The victimized women are usually too poor to go to law for themselves, and if there is no one to interfere in their behalf, they must suffer the injustice without redress.

The work done in this Department has been most successful. As is quaintly said in one of the reports, one of the methods consists in so worrying the debtors by constant calls and frequent letters that they are glad to pay the sum owed, and when the Committee is fully convinced that the whole amount claimed is due and can be paid nothing short of it is ever accepted.

Sometimes an appeal to the law is necessaay but more often it is this persistent sort of attack that wins the day. The creditor has usually little money; often is willing to pay if he could do so conveniently, and it is only by being on hand upon pay days and collecting it by driblets, that the debt will be discharged. The report speaks of 46 visits made by one of the Committee to a man who owed an old woman $100, with the result of a slow collection.

Of course the greater part of these debts are owed by third or fourth rate business men, by dressmakers, for domestic service, etc. First-class houses are not guilty of withholding such small sums.

One of the most efficient means used by the Department is the trustee process. The wages of an employe is not paid, and the Committee learns that money is owed upon some order to the employer. That is trusteed at once, and before the latter can collect the amount due him, he must pay what he owes to the employe.

There is no question but that the Department has become a power in the community and obligations are paid, that once would have been disputed, through fear of exposure. Often the sums are very small, but they seem a great deal to those whose labor has earned them. And in every City and Town in the country are those who will take advantage of a woman's helplessness and ignorance of the law to cheat her out of her earnings.

FLOWER CHARITY.

A charity which many prosaic people might call useless, has been carried forward in London with the best effects. This is the bestowal upon the poor who deserve them, of plants, or slips of plants, which they can place in the windows of their tenements and watch in the intervals of labor their growth and blossoming. Those who have noted the matter claim that there is an appreciable difference in the families where these have been placed, in the way of less quarreling and more kindness to each other. There can be no question about the refining power of flowers. Their very presence lights up an otherwise comfortless room with beauty, and with more pleasure comes a less aggressive disposition and a greater satisfaction of life, therefore, it is perfectly natural that they should make homes happier. It is a hopeful thing to walk through the poorer streets of London and see the windows of of tumble-down tenements fairly bursting with a wealth of blossoms, for, given sunshine and air, with good soil, and flowers are no respecter of persons, growing as freely for the poorest as for those who dwell in marble halls.

This same kind of charity would flourish in the smaller Towns as well as in the large Cities. Everywhere there are the poor who either cannot or will not spend the few cents necessary for the purchase of a plant. Given to them free and they would soon find pleasure in their cultivation.

In England the horticultural societies inaugurated this good work by distributing plants and slips free, and then offering prizes at the annual shows for the finest specimens. The only expense to the societies is in the distribution, as the plants given are almost always those which would be otherwise thrown away, and the prizes are usually of some choice growth which poor people cannot possibly buy. American horticultural societies would do well to imitate this English charity, if they want to accomplish good upon a large scale with small expenditure.

GOUGAR-MANDLER.

There can be little doubt that the Gougar-Mandler case at Lafayette, Ind., which is attracting such general attention, is a piece of pure malignity on the part of a crowd of bummer politicians and the more disreputable portion of the saloon element to ruin a woman who has made herself specially obnoxious to them. Mrs. GOUGAR has been an ardent Temperance apostle, and as is frequently the case with women of her type, has known no limit to her inflammatory zeal in denunciation of those whom she thought guilty of a terrible crime in corrupting the youth of the land with strong drink and evil associations. She dealt epithet and invective with tireless energy. Naturally the feeling against her on the part of the assailed became very ugly. They have taken their revenge by asserting that the relations between her, and an intimate friend of the family—Capt. WALLACE—were improperly intimate. Two or three specific acts were alleged—one being that on the night of Nov. 19, she went to Capt. WALLACE'S office, and remained with locked doors till past midnight. They made Chief of Police MANDLER the instrument of making these dastardly assaults. Mrs. GOUGAR has met them promptly with a suit for slander, and though her enemies have employed the finest legal talent that money can procure, have, no doubt, liberal suborned perjury and have fought every step of the case with a most malignant energy, they have been defeated in every attempt to show even indiscretions in the lady's life—much less any criminality. She is making a magnificent fight, and will win a grand victory in securing limitless public contempt for her enemies.

DROP US A POSTAL.

We will send any person a specimen copy of the WEEKLY BLADE on application. Send us the address of your friends, and we will with pleasure mail them a copy. We will be pleased to mail one or two of our illustrated humorous "Nasby" posters to any person who will post them in a conspicuous place.

NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK.

Boston does not like the animadversions of Dr. DIX upon the morality of New England. The reverend gentleman declares it is "the moral cesspool of social crime," and points out as the reason its lax divorce laws. From being strongly Puritan, Presbyterian to the backbone, burning witches at the stake, punishing a man for kissing his own wife on Sunday, allowing in freedom of opinion when it departed from the orthodox line, it has become proverbial for its looseness in all directions. And one of its greatest sins in the eyes of Dr. DIX—judging from some of the series of sermons he has been recently preaching—is the favor which it shows to the idea of a higher education for women.

The position which he takes with regard to the immorality of New England he supports by statistics but inasmuch as he does not follow these up with figures from other parts of the country showing the contrast, they prove nothing.

The Boston *Transcript* in commenting in a rather sarcastic manner upon the Reverend Doctor's strictures, which it hints are rather for the purpose of creating a sensation during the Lenten season, than for pointing a moral, says that "the subject wakes up the sleepiest audience, and on the principle that if you denounce the sins of your neighbors, spectators are likely to overlook your own, it is invaluable at certain times in New York." It also hints that "the decay of New England, its faults, its follies, and its vices" is a never failing source of pleased interest to the country at large.

This may in part be true, but it is simply the reflex action of New England's arrogance in the past. And even now there is a feeling in Boston, and perhaps it has some reason for it, that nowhere else is there so much culture and general intelligence, no where else is true art so fully appreciated, and that nowhere is there so much tolerance, such freedom from bigotry, such a ready appreciation of progressive ideas. While all this may be in a measure granted, yet its continual assertion is not pleasant and probably explains much of what some of the Boston papers complain of, and that is the readiness to see the evil side of all that pertains to New England.

THE FAR WEST.

Those who have not been in the Far West or kept pace with the improvements there would be astonished to know what rapid strides it has taken forward. To many people Oregon seems a vast wilderness; Washington Territory is given up to the Indians. To live at Puget Sound would be to go out of the world. A visit to these localities would develop the fact that a busy population is turning them into industrial centers which in time will compete with the older Eastern country.

To-day Portland, Or., has a population of between 30,000 and 40,000 people, having trebled within 10 years, and still growing rapidly. Other parts of the State are improving in very nearly the same ratio.

Thirty years ago an enterprising man saw in the densely timbered lands of Puget Sound an opportunity for money-making on a large scale. He established a saw-mill there, and now there are a number of Towns in the vicinity whose main industry is timber-sawing. Last year the amount sawed reached 300,000,000 feet.

The latest improvements are found in these mills. Most of them are lighted with electricity, so that the work goes on by night as well as day.

Other industries have arisen around the mills, because of the abundance of timber, and as time goes on factories in wood work of various kinds will spring up and multiply almost indefinitely. Away from this immediate vicinity the land is good for agricultural purposes, and Russian Jews have recently been making considerable settlements there.

GENERAL FOOTE, former Minister to Corea, has returned from a mission to Panama. He says that the work on the canal is going on rapidly, a large force of men, principally Jamaica negros, being at work. There has been a great deal of sickness and death among them. The surface ground has been removed along the whole line of the canal. Numerous digging machines are busily cutting away at the soil of the Isthmus. They are of French, Belgian and American make, with the latter giving the most satisfaction. The earth, as fast as taken out, is thrown on the banks to make them higher and dryer. Four dredges are working at the basin on the Aspinwall side, where the mouth will be.

THE coronation of the King of Hawaii, the Sandwich Islands, was a very ludicrous affair all round and many comical incidents happened. One of the highest officers in the army was commissioned to give invitations. He stopped on the docks for a moment and a sailor, seeing the package of invitations under his arm, offered him 25 cents for one. The guileless ex-cannibal saw a bonanza before him and in a few moments he had disposed of the entire lot to the idlers on the wharves. Report saith that his dusky Majesty and Court were slightly surprised at some of the guests.

NEW YORK health authorities think there is an unusually large increase in the number of pneumonia cases this year. Consumption is the only disease which surpasses it in destruction. In people over 50 the former disease usually proves fatal, while in children it is seldom so. It always starts from a cold, but there is usually something else, such as alcoholism, malarial poisoning, Bright's disease, etc., back of it.

SEC. TELLER orders all the barb-wire fencing in the Indian Territory, nearly 1,000 miles, torn down before Spring. Much pressure is being brought to bear to induce him to revoke the order. It is said that it does not interfere with travel, and protects cattle, whose owners paid $41,000 to the Cherokees in 1882, as a grazing tax.

SOME of Judge THOMAN'S Democratic friends insist that he is so ignorant of grammar as to say habitually "I have saw," "I seen," etc., and they hold that such a man should not be singled out of all the host of Ohio Democrats who want office, for a place on the Civil Service Commission. This may be one of the anti-Pendleton lies that so disturb the mind of the distinguished Senator from Ohio.

DO US THE FAVOR.

We want to send out thousands of specimen copies of the WEEKLY BLADE, during this month. We want names of those not now taking the BLADE. We wish any or all of our subscribers would do us the favor to send us a postal with the address of just five of their neighbors who do not take the BLADE. It will take but two minutes' time, and we would appreciate the favor.

DOMESTIC ARTS.

Iowa has an Agricultural College in which there is a Department of Domestic Economy. In this is taught what are called the domestic arts, or to come down to the plainest, most matter-of-fact state ment of the matter, the girls are given practical lessons in housekeeping and particularly in cooking. The object is to render each one thoroly competent to discharge the duties of a home, whether it is her own, or she is doing it for pay. The idea is impressed upon the minds that as the home is the "propelling force in social advancement" as its interests touch every art and inspire every pursuit, it is a necessity that sound minds in sound bodies should go forth from it to help civilization forward. This cannot be done unless the mistress is specifically acquainted with the arts that come into the everyday life of the household. Besides being cultivated and intelligent, able to take her place beside her husband as a social force, she must be able to look with practical knowledge after the physical well being of her family.

The head of this Department in the Iowa College in an address to the Board of Trustees speaks of the difficulties in the way of progress in the household arts. As these are found everywhere, her words have a general interest. She says that two vital errors oppose advancement in this direction:

The first is a wrong notion of their value to the world, the second following as a consequence from the first, is a complete misconception of their relation to other arts.

That a false idea of the value of housework is almost universally prevalent is proven by the fact that it is regarded by most housewives as simple drudgery, and that they are always looking forward to the time when they may escape its demands and rest free from its duties. The fact, too, that of all work it commands, as a rule, the lowest wages, and that any one is considered capable of doing it, no matter how ignorant or stupid, if only she possesses muscular strength, and still farther the social position in general accorded to such workers, are all proof of the low rank occupied by the household arts. It is very much with housework as it has been with agriculture. Muscular ability was thought to be the only ability needed by the farmer. Robust health and a stong right arm have been considered the chief essential in a cook just as the boys on the farm have looked with longing eyes toward the professions, so have the daughters aspired to be teachers, dressmakers, milliners, anything rather than workers in the home kitchen. The world is just beginning to acknowledge that a successful farmer must, at the very least, equal any professional man in mental acuteness, business ability, and general intelligence; and so, too, a change in popular opinion respecting housework is slowly but surely coming about. It is still true, however that every girl is inevitably more or less under the old false notions. She recognizes the full value of mental drill and literary culture, because these will fit her for the position she longs to fill. She is just as ambitious as her brother, and hopes just as ardently for riches, position, influence, as does he. She feels she has little time to spare for any study that will not return to her some portion of that sort of power which is to help her get along in the world. What cares she for housework? In the dim future, when she has realized all she now dreams of, she will hire an Irish girl, or a Norwegian, or a Swede to do her housework, while she gives her time to loftier pursuits. Before she can be interested in the study of Domestic Economy, she must be impressed with its value and its dignity. The Irish cook in her mother's kitchen would teach her to bake bread, perhaps, but she would surely associate the process with the ignorant and uncultivated woman who taught it, and look upon both with equal disrespect. So she must be instructed there in more than manual processes. If enthusiasm is to be excited, if respect for home attainments is to be cultivated, if sensible and right views of domestic matters are to be inculcated, then manual skill must join hands with mental attainments. The philosophy as well as the practice must be set forth. The relations of food and culinary skill to physical and mental development, the proper care of the body, the innumerable details of household economy and hygiene must all be set forth in such a way as to command both interest and respect.

Many more schools and colleges with principals who so thoroly understand the needs in this direction would be a good thing in all of the States of the Union. Teach girls, as the above writer says, that there is more in cooking than the mere manual process, but teach them that also and the two combined will do away with many of the housekeeping troubles of the day.

OPINIONS OF DR. DIX.

Some of the New York ministers, notably Dr. DIX, have been preaching upon "Woman's Mission," reading women some lectures upon their duties in the world, which Dr. DIX fears they are forgetting. From what can be gathered through abstracts of his sermons, it would seem to be the reverend gentleman's idea that they should not be allowed a higher education because "taken out of her place, and trained among men" she is "not an object that men can love." Now that is a pity.

Of course putting it in this way the highest incentive he has to offer women in this world is the love and admiration of the other sex; the purest motives which should actuate them is not to live true to the best instincts of their nature, is not to develop their mental and moral natures to their utmost capacity or so far as possible, but to make themselves the most agreeable companions for men and minister to their happiness.

He opposes co-education upon the ground that girls should be kept in the seclusion of their homes, "apart from the scrutiny of young men." In truth it would seem from this that he would introduce some of the Eastern customs among us, compelling women to be shut rigidly in the houses of their lords and only going forth veiled. Wouldn't it be well for Dr. DIX to do a little preaching to these young men whose very look is an abomination to a woman? If their every thought is so vile that it is contamination to one of the other sex to allow his eyes to rest upon her, it would seem as if there is room for a good deal of missionary work among them, instead of making an effort to keep tempat tion out of the way, by depriving women of their freedom of action. Dr. DIX should have lived two or three centuries ago, or else he should have learned better how to portray the ideal woman of the Nineteenth Century. Such sermons amount to but little in their influence upon the thought of the day, which is so far in advance of the speaker.

THE failure of the New York leather firm of HUMPHREY & Co. is to the tune of $600,000 or $700,000, of which $400,000 is held by banks. The assets are large and may pay the claims in full. The firm was very prosperous, doing a business of over $100,000 a year. It was started by FRIEND HUMPHREY over 75 years ago, and since his death, in 1854, has been carried on by his sons. Failure caused by stringency in the money market.

NASBY IN EXILE.

Agents are meeting with good success in canvassing for this elegant subscription book. Anybody can sell the book and make a clear profit of $5 to $10 per day. It costs but $1 for an outfit. Address LOCKE PUBLISHING Co., Toledo, O., for circulars of description.

GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND says in the New York *Tribune* that the slow round of justice is bringing Gen. WILLIAM NELSON up to his proper place in history. One of Gen. NELSON'S officers said to him recently:

"That man was the first positive spirit of the North in the West, occupying the same position in Kentucky that Nathaniel Lyon did in Missouri. It is the greater to his credit that, like Gen. Thomas, he was a Southern-born man. He was of large size, weighing in the neighborhood of 300 pounds, and, like some heavy men, impetuous and inflammable, but he had the moral courage so rare, indeed almost unknown, at the outbreak of the war, on the Union side. When he arrested the most prominent Rebel officer at Maysville and a writ of habeas corpus was gotten out. Nelson on his steamboat paid no attention to it, and when the prisoner turned to him and said, 'By what law do you arrest me?' he replied, 'By the law of those bayonets, sir,' pointing to his lines on the wharf, 'and because you are a d—d scoundrel.' He believed in foraging on the enemy and saving the Government money, and whatever the orders were, as soon as he got a day's march out he would tell his commissaries to look out for the Government's pocket and let Rebels feed the troops. He insisted on good food being furnished to himself and his soldiers, and any Commissary who did not do it was put under arrest, and it was a common sight to see him walk right into the ovens of the troops and look at the bread and see what they had to eat. He thought he had found through his detectives that Davis was not energetically doing his duty in reporting to him the number of men and arms to be relied upon to defend Louisville from Bragg's invasion. Davis reported that he thought there were 'about' so many men. Nelson, incensed at any man fooling away his time in such an emergency, thundered his curse upon his subordinate, and when the latter protested Nelson had no way of expressing himself but to slap him in the face. For this, a little later, he suffered his death, but the soldiers when they became accustomed to him had the most thorough confidence in him, and to this day "Bull" Nelson's men put him by the side of Thomas, Sheridan and Grant.

THE Laramie *Sentinel* answers numerous inquiries as to the effect of Woman Suffrage in Wyoming in an editorial of great interest. It says what is not, perhaps, generally known, that the law conferring political rights upon women which was passed in 1869, and been in operation ever since, was "a mere freak of the legislators, who thought it would immortalize them, and advertise the Territory. 'They builded better than they knew.'" Among the results of the measure, the *Sentinel* says, are the following: A smaller percentage of women than of men stay away from the polls; they are less persistent office-seekers than the men, but when elected to office they have in every case done their duty satisfactorily; they are accorded entire liberty of action—frequently a wife votes in opposition to her husband, and it has even happened that wives have worked and voted for one ticket when their husbands were candidates on the other; but the *Sentinel* has "never known or heard of an instance of domestic infelicity growing out of a difference in political views between husband and wife;" on election day the polls, which were formerly a revised edition of Donnybrook Fair, are now as orderly as the churches; women exercise their political rights without a sign of demoralization, and their votes and influence have doubled the power of the better element.

THE new Tariff law bears examination wonderfully well. While it has unquestionably defects, as any legislation dealing with so many complicated and little understood matters must necessarily have, in the main it proves to be wise, well-digested, and generally acceptable. The bill great simplifies the old system. It has removed many rates which were just reproaches to the old system, and has made reforms wherever reforms were seriously demanded. The only earnest complainers against it are those who were profiting unduly by the old system, and those who are opposed to any Tariff whatever. The burden of taxation is greatly reduced, and the reduction is almost wholly upon things that are included among the needs of everyday life. Many raw materials that enter into our manufactures are placed on the free list, and on others the duty has been greatly reduced. Capital and skill will now go boldly forward in developing manufactures, with a reasonable assurance that their plans will not be disturbed by any violent interference with the Tariff. Undoubtedly many needs of modification will develop themselves by the time Congress meets again—but this is always the case with any system of Tariff, whether new or old. All the changes will relate to minor matters, of no serious or widespread importance.

OUR enterprising people are pouring into Mexico by thousands. The railroad employes are almost all born north of the Rio Grande. The grazing lands of our Southern neighbor are drawing the attention of Texans and Englishmen. A few years ago, at Chihuahua, a beef was worth only what its hide would bring, but now they sell readily at $15 per head. Up to the present time $5,088,888,875 worth of gold or silver, fully five-ninth of the world's supply of coin, has been taken out of the Mexican mines by the rude processes in use. Fully as much more remains in the tailings, besides the innumerable mines, which have stopped operations. Northern capital is being directed towards these mines. As mine-owners know coal is one of the requisites for working by any modern method, and reports of extensive coal-lands come from Santa Rosalia, a station on the Mexican Central road.

ONE section of the postal bill will bring great relief to the senders of small sums by mail. It authorizes the issue of money orders without corresponding advices of $5 and less, to be on engraved paper, and known as postal notes, payable to bearer, such notes to be invalid after three months, but the holder can after that time get the par value of the note by applying to the Postoffice Department at Washington. For issuing a postal note a fee of three cents shall be charged. The bill also authorizes the issue of money orders in denominations of $100 or less, but none for more than $100 can be issued. The following fees are fixed to be charged for money orders: For orders not exceeding $10, eight cents; from $10 to $15, 10 cents; from $15 to $30, 15 cents; $30 to $40, 20 cents; $50 to $60, 30 cents; $60 to $70, 35 cents; $70 to $80, 40 cents; $80 to $100, 45 cents.

ACCORDING to the last census, 756,893 persons died in the United States in 1880. The death rate was therefore 15.1 to the thousand. This is higher than that given in 1870 or in 1860, but the difference is supposed to be, not increased mortality but that the returns of deaths were so much more complete.

FIVE BOOKS FOR $2.

We are still sending five cloth bound novels for $2. So cheap are these books that those ordering once are sure to order again. Send 50 cents for a single volumne. Baron Munchausen, 60 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The members of the Civil Service Commission have had a conference with Pres. Arthur. The Commission agreed to prepare a set of rules regarding methods of procedure, which they will submit to the President.——Thirteen States hold elections this year, eight choosing Governors.——Mr. Jay Cooke has completed arrangements for the transformation of his beautiful former home, Ogontz, near Chelten Hills, Pa., into a young ladies' boarding school. The property is valued at about a million dollars.——The United States Treasury at present holds $358,317,920, of which $188,761,784 is in gold, and $132,499,000 in silver. Of the cash in the Treasury, $121,552,120 is covered by outstanding certificates.——The opinions of Democrats in Shelbyville and other Indiana Towns is that the course of the recent Legislature will give the State to the Republicans.——The Governor of Missouri has pardoned Clarence Hite, one of the James gang, who returns to his home in Logan County, Ky., in the last stages of consumption.——New England reports the coldest March on record.——It will require two years more to complete the Washington monument.——The Smithsonian Institute is to be rebuilt at once and made fire-proof.——The Wisconsin Legislature refuses to restore capital punishment in that State.——During the week there has been an advance of from 50 to 75 cents per 100 pounds in live cattle at Chicago. The highest price paid for cattle in over a year was Friday—$7.05.——An apple in perfect preservation, although 97 years old, is in the possession of a gentleman in Ulster County, N. Y. As it rounded up from the blossom of the parent stem in

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Revenue Bill Safe—Complaints Diminishing—Death of Gov. Stephens—Star Route Sensations—President of the Senate—River and Harbor Bill—Whisky Bill—Wiggins and the Ground Hog.

WASHINGTON, March 9.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

"All is well that ends well," and, as the Revenue bill has passed in spite of all indications to the contrary, it is in order for the people to congratulate. Of course, everybody ignores the bill just now, but as it takes burdens off of the people, diminishes taxation and puts many articles hitherto taxable on the free list, it must be an improvement. The passage of the bill was, after all, a surprise. In the Senate the Democratic opposition to it seemed to break down just when they had the power to make it most effective; and in the House it continued until it was evident that it must go under if they persisted in their course of obstruction, when tiney yielded and allowed a vote to be taken; and a vote meant the passage of the bill. It was said that the telegrams from New York, Philadelphia and other leading points warned the Democratic leaders not to continue their obstructions. However that may be it is certain that the bill was allowed to go through.

The complaints against the bill began to diminish as soon as it was passed, and some who were loudest against it have come to see it in quite a different light. But in such a general struggle for adverse interests—some looking one way and some another—it was natural that when Randall and Kelley failed to get what he regarded as of supreme importance, he should think that everything was going to the bad. But as we generally manage to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable the final vote on the bill and the signature of the President put our statesmen in a better frame of mind for looking at it dispassionately, and now the only class that continues to be very uncomfortable over the result is the dozen or more of the professional Free Traders, and a few who can see no benefit in a legislation that does not propose to break down the banks.

The death of Gov. Stephens came on the country very unexpectedly; and in this city produced a genuine feeling of sorrow. He was greatly beloved in all the circles where his face was familiar, and his public life, since the war, has been steadily in the interest of a reunited country. Still there has been a good deal of the old leaven in his little body. He would never acknowledged that he was a Rebel. He maintained that the South fought during the war in the interest of the Constitution; and his desire to appear as an author arose mainly from a wish that his views might be perpetuated throughout the South. Hence his "War Between the States," and his "His History of the United States"—books of no particular merit—interested him greatly, and his original idea in refusing to run again for Congress was to give himself up to the promotion of a literature which would make it possible for the descendants of the Rebels to respect their ancestry. These were not very nawerful heroines, while the broad common sense that enabled him to see how impossible it was for the South to be prosperous or happy without coming in cordially to the support of the Government has made his leadership of vast consequence to the country, and will be the brightest star in the crown of his statesmanship. He had largely given up his old proslavery views, and felt a deep interest in the education and citizenship of the negro. Indeed his whole life seemed to be more a life of duty than of pleasure; and one of his most intimate friends said to me a few days before his death that there was one word which expressed his whole character, as it stood forth in its subdued form since the war, and that word was *goodness*.

The Star Route trial is generally stupid enough and outside of the sparring between lawyers attracts very little attention. But the scene with Judge Belford this week made a genuine sensation, and the papers all over the country appear to have some notice of it. Belford is the member of Congress from Colorado, and having been himself a Judge seems to have thought that he ought to have his own way in a Court. The matter was this: Berdell on his cross-examination said that Dorsey gave a check for $2,000 (charged to mail account) to J. B. B., which meant John B. Belford. The prosecution was sharp enough to see that Belford might contradict this, and the result would be to weaken its witness, and so get the consent of the Judge to have the evidence struck out; and when Belford came to the stand and proposed to swear that there never had been any such check his testimony was ruled out of order; whereupon his Western blood was up and he asked the privilege of making a statement. Judge Wiley begged to be excused. "This is not a public meeting," he said, "we are trying a case judicially, and we must act in conformity with the rules of evidence." Whereupon the witness put himself in a melo-dramatic position and exclaimed: "Then I say before the living God that I never saw such a check!" He turned on his heel to go, but Judge Wiley called him back. "What you said, sir, is a clear case of contempt, an indignity which can not be tolerated, and the Court imposes on you a fine of $100 and you will stand committed till it is paid." An effort was made to smooth down the ruffled feathers of the Judge, but he would not yield and the fine was paid. It is now said that the check was given to square a gambling account after a night of play in a Pullman car and was charged to "mail account," so that the loss should be shared by the other conspirators.

Another incident in connection with the Star Route trial is the arraignment of the Department of Justice by Sen. Van Wyck, of Nebraska. An attempt is made to cry "treason" against him by charging that he must be in the pay of the conspirators. But there seems to be some ground for the points that he makes. Courts in other places find it a simple matter to convict a criminal, and if they have the evidence, why should a trial here run through so many months and require the expenditure of such vast sums of money? Besides the Attorney General, who ought to be able to manage such a case properly, and all the other officers legitimately connected with the Government, Mr. Van Wyck charges that the special attorneys have received $100 per day and that this trial is protracted because it is a good job which improves by nursing. He suggests a fear that the money stolen by the lawyers and agents will, in the end, equal the money stolen by the ring and says that the expenses have already reached half a million of dollars.

The resignation of Judge Davis as the President of the Senate and the appointment of Judge Edmunds, of Vermont, in his place, makes some people think what an amiable thing it would be just to constitute the presidency right along and have the Vermont Senator put in nomination by the next Republican Convention for President. But if any friend really wants that to happen he had better be quiet about it. In politics it is the unexpected that happen. But if fitness could command the nomination the country need look no further. Judge Davis leaves the place which he so acceptably filled with more of the respect of the country than he ever had before. He has been a mark for the jibes and witticisms of both parties, but he has remained true to his independent position, and has shown great ability and tact as a presiding officer, as well as a most genial and winning disposition. After this we shall believe in him for a Judge as we did when he was on the bench.

In my last I intimated a belief that all the regular appropriation bills would pass, although the River and Harbor bill was regarded as in doubt. The doubt has changed into reality. The President has expressed a hope that no River and Harbor bill would be attempted and the bill of last year had so many sins to answer for that the new bill "died a-borning."

The Whisky bill and quite a number of other important measures failed on account of a "negro in the fence." Poor Lee, of South Carolina, didn't get a favorable report from the Committee on Elections, but the House sympathized with him so thoroughly that they refused to adopt the report, and would have given the seat to him if the Democrats would have behaved themselves and voted. But they filibustered and stopped the proceedings, stopping also everything else. One of them declared that the "nigger was worth his weight in gold," but the friends of the whisky bill didn't think so.

To-day the sun comes up bright and clear, the morning air is cold, frosty and tranquil and the Weather Bureau ventures the opinion that it will be fair to-morrow, but Wiggins is arranging for his great blow just the same. If anything should happen to his machinery or the blow be put off on account of the weather, the ground hog will turn over in his hole and have a good laugh at the Professor's expense. BUCKEYE.

The Grand Army Magazine.

This is the name of a new and most admirably gotten up magazine, published at Denver, Col., by the Grand Army Magazine Publishing Company. The table of contents for this month is exceedingly rich, and the letter-press is lighted up with several excellent illustrations. The subscription price of the magazine is 25 cents per number.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Wisconsin Man's Answer to Mr. Warner

To the Editor of the Blade:

Writing is not my forte, but Mr. Warner's article in the BLADE of Jan. 18, makes me ask leave to make some answer to a few of his "extreme" assertions. Mr. Warner, you are too "extreme" even in the first few lines of your article, when ascertaining that there have been directed "cries of rage" against "all" corporations, against "all" who live in good houses or wear fine clothes, against "all" whose industry has gained a competence. I don't think even the "Nihilistic (!) disciples of Kearney and Cooper" have been so extreme as that. Don't you think that little word "all" forms an exaggeration and looks bad? The truth is, that corporations and men doing business honestly, or without trying to press money out of the people unjustly, looked upon from a moral or human point of view, have always been considered useful to society by any sane man, whereas corporations, which have been given such enormous privileges and powers by law that they are enabled to accumulate fabulous fortunes in a short time, seem to have been "cried at," and rightfully, too.

"Are the mechanics and other laborers of this country robbed?" Being supporters of the Government through duty on necessaries of life or otherwise, I say they are. Has not the Government been robbed in thousands of ways in the last score of years and who refrieve it so much as those if the laborers of all sorts do not contribute to it, liberally and feel it the most? Why could not, for instance, the Government have parcelled out the most fertile pieces of the public lands throughout the country to actual settlers, at enormous prices, as well as speculators, and saved the public in duties? Had not the public better right to those lands and the prices theref than the speculators? Certainly, there can be no doubt as to this. Each and every taxpayer, or supporter of the Government, is an heir to the public domain and other resources belonging to the Government or public, inasmuch as the moneys obtained by sale of such properties from time to time becomes part of the sums necessary for the maintenance of the Government, thus rendering taxes or duty lighter; and when the Government is robbed in parts of its resources now and then, this may be much or little, all supporters of the Government, laborers included, are also robbed at the same time. All such resources should therefore be as judiciously disposed of as any sound-minded man would dispose of his own property. But, has this been done? The records say "no!" been done? The records say "no!" Speculators now should gather fortunes, with little or no exertions, at the expense of the many, is too monarchical, and very ill becomes a republic. But to seek and get "legal" rights to do wrong has become quite common. It puts one in mind of the continual struggles in Europe through all ages, to subdue the toilers and then, when done, to keep them low and make them hand over the profits of their toil forever. The robber chiefs of those times did the meanness by the sword, while here it is done by acts of Congress and Legislatures—by degrees of course—for this mode of action spills the least "noble blood" and makes the least tumult, and the victory may still be won if the quiet actions are allowed to go on. The idea, imported and instilled into the minds of those of the "upper classes" of this country, is that they have become wealthy and are, as a consequence, generally better educated than the "middle and lower classes," they are so much the superior that there should, in consideration of this, be no question as to their right to rule and act as they choose to, uncriticized, unopposed and uncensured by the toiling millions—without whom no person could idle life away entirely in princely luxury and splendor. But they think, however, it perfectly proper and "legal" that any wrong-doing on the part of the officials should be preached against, and then, when this amounts to nothing, that there should be put other men in their places. But all oppositions to wrong-doings and the ruinous schemes of the aristocratic are always mocked at and pronounced dangerous, Nihilistic, Socialistic, Communistic and the like. But, "are they not oppressed." Certainly not, as yet, in the broad sense of the term; yet the condition of laborers in this country is not so excellent as many think. The wages here are generally higher than in other countries, it is true, but necessaries of life require more money, though some articles of food are perhaps cheaper, as Americans have become accustomed to a more costly way of living, which they do not wish to give up for the benefit of capital, as too much capital on few hands proves destructive to the welfare of the masses. "The income of an honest American laborer is enough to make a French-man rich." Very probable, if the French-man had the income and lived in France, where laborers from force of circumstances have become accustomed to live cheap; lived he in America an adoption of American customs would be absolutely inevitable, to an extent making an object of constant mockery and ridicule.

Europe is always pointed to as if the miserable lot of the laborers of that Continent should be good enough for Americans. The latter are not at present obliged to take such treatment, being, besides other privileges, entitled to a homestead, which should be more sought for if wages were much reduced. The more refined mode of living here was established by the laborers of this country long ago, as they, being citizens of a country which by Nature and Nature's God had been hidden away and evidently set aside as a true inheritance to the poor, saw no reason why they should not, under the circumstances, enjoy life better than serfbretiren across the water, and their views are retained still, though a thorn in the flesh of their "betters." No, I think we should not set our liberty at stake by ceasing to "cry" and protest against the unjustifiable acts perpetrated by our public servants. We have had enough of subsidies, salary-grabs and appropriations of millions for useless purposes; we don't want to see such public servants make the last acre of the public lands a present to themselves and consorts, calling it "Railroad Grants," pretending this is "absolutely necessary," after having already got areas as empires, and not having even fixed reasonable limits as to the prices thereof, thus pumping the poor purchasers of the hard-earned profits, in some cases perhaps, of a lifetime, which also charges for transportation are just as high as on ungranted roads. In short, we hate the passing of special laws expressly for "sharks," who cannot "live and thrive" in a republic under the laws necessary for the people at large. Let those who believe that "any man, if he is only industrious, though possessing but small means to begin with, can pay for his land with a crop or two," go to the realms of the Railroad Kings and investigate the matter before bragging in the newspapers. Among other incredible things, they would certainly see various abandoned farms, where both money and labor have been expended—abandoned because the poor victims could not see any possible way of clearing the considerable stipulations with high interests. The advertisements of such farms prove their existence.

And now I want to say in conclusion, and in spite of all assertions to the contrary, that laborers in this country are generally working too hard. In this matter Europeans are better off. It will be a moderate estimate to say that at least one-fourth more work per day is generally pressed out of a man here, in woods and field, in intense, life-tearing cold and heat, than in any other country on the face of the earth. This ruins the health of hundreds of thousands every year, thus creating tramps, beggars, and criminals, filling the poorhouses, dungeons and insane asylums, and causing frequent suicides. I cannot lay too much stress on the fact that ruined health by overwork is one of the great sources of vagrancy and crimes, and next comes drunkenness. The health of many a poor man has by overwork, become such that he is unable to perform satisfactorily the considerable amount of labor called a day's work, when trying to, and is immediately discharged as a "lazy cuss" and turned out on the roads to brood over his miseries and gradually sink lower and lower.

I do not attempt to defend any political "disciples," neither do I sanction any one's doctrines altogether, but to attribute to their teachings the increasing vagabondry and misdeeds is simply trying to conceal the true causes from the eye of those who might be able to do something towards righting some of the wrongs. C. K. NORMAN.

Pigeon Falls, Wis.

Another Correspondent Tackles the Vexed Question.

To the Editor of the Blade:

WILLOW SPRINGS, Mo., Feb. 28, 1883.

In a recent number of your valuable paper, I noticed a communication from "Conner, I noticed a communication from "Conner, I noticed a communication from "Conner

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

XVII.

HOW TO BATHE.

Doubtless many of you are expecting me to say that you must bathe all over, from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet every day as regularly as day-light comes and goes. I am not going to pronounce any such sentence as that, for, to some of you it would be death, and I've no notion of becoming guilty of murder. Such a *fact* has as much absurdity in it, as to insist upon everybody's eating oat meal because for many it is so healthful a diet. The kind of bath, its duration and frequency are to be regulated by the constitution and surroundings of the individual. For a person of delicate physique to take a cold bath often would be to commit suicide. The shock to the system produced by the sudden rush of the blood from the surface to the internal organs will cause a congestion there that must soon produce permanent disease. The organism is not vigorous enough to afford the strong reaction required.

Right here I want to say that I am not talking to those who are sick and under the care of a physician, but to such as are reasonably well or but slightly debilitated. The bathing which I am recommending is principally for the purpose of keeping the pores of the skin open and therefore free to act, and not for the cure of any particular disease. That must be carried forward under the advice of a doctor who knows what the person needs in the way of water treatment, since it is so powerful in its effects.

Two things are essential to obtain the full benefit of a bath. These are a warm, well ventilated room, and one free from draughts. The temperature should be high enough *always* to prevent anything more than the momentary chill caused by the sudden change of circulation and the evaporation of the water from the body. This quickly disappears and a reaction sets in bringing a healthy glow over the whole skin, but should you continue to shiver and shake, to shrink in repulsion from the water, the ill effects will exceed the good, and persisted in may prove fatal. *Be sure* then to have a warm room for bathing.

It should be well ventilated, for the respiration is quickened by the act of bathing, and therefore more oxygen is required for the purification of the blood than when quietly sitting in a normal condition. Of course any one can readily understand why draughts should not be allowed upon the bather.

A person in good health with vigorous powers may find a cold bath every morning upon first getting up refreshing and stimulating. I have seen those who could jump out of bed in a cold room and get into a tub of almost freezing water, seeming to derive both comfort and benefit from the process, but the number who can do this without ill effects is very small. If cold baths are indulged in they should be short, and the body must be rubbed most vigorously in order to attract again to the surface the blood which has been sent back upon the internal organs. It has also become lower in temperature, and the necessity of vigor and health to raise it again, is the reason why cold baths are harmful to persons of delicate constitutions.

For the great majority of people warm or hot baths are most beneficial. The shock to the system in the first place is much less. The combustion going on in the body is increased as is evident from the quickened breathing, just as it is in the cold bath, but the difference is that the latter stimulates to the increase, while the former facilitates or hastens that going on naturally. The contrast between the two in this respect has been compared to the effect upon a furnace by the hot and cold blast. Both encourage combustion and increase the heat of the furnace, but the hot blast does the same work by the expenditure of a little more than a fourth of as much fuel as the cold. Both exhaust it and there must be a fresh supply, but the hot blast is far more economical than the cold. So the hot bath uses up far less of the powers of the body, and therefore requires less vigor to obtain the healthy reaction.

The best way to take the hot bath is to be in it a few moments and let the heat open the pores while the water softens the dead tissues; then scrub soap all over the body and remain a few moments longer, gradually letting cold water into the tub until the temperature is reduced to that of the skin normally, or considerably lower. Use the towel briskly until perfectly dry. A very excellent thing to prevent stiffness of the joints is always to rub them after a bath with sweet oil. This must be very fine and volatile, and it is, of course, much more agreeable if perfumed. The old Romans and Grecks used to anoint the whole body with oil after bathing, and a very sensible custom it was, as it kept the skin soft and flexible. Before dressing strike briskly with the palms of the hands every part of the body, then put on dry, well-aired clothes, and you will feel a delightful sense of comfort.

Now as to time and frequency. Of course, the most convenient season in many ways is in the morning on first rising. Many people, however, find this difficult. The room is not warm enough, the water not hot, or household duties are so pressing that there is not time. It is of no great importance, except that two rules are observed. One is, *never* take a bath immediately after eating. Let three hours elapse—never less than two. You had better go dirty for once, or several times, rather than risk the consequences of a shorter interval. Why, do you ask? I will tell you, and I want you to remember this if you forget all the rest, particularly you who have the care of children. As soon as the food is taken into the stomach the process of digestion begins, calling the blood thither in larger quantities than when empty. A warm bath summons it instantly to the surface, thus lowering the temperature of the stomach and stopping the work going on there. A cold bath, on the contrary, sends it to that already well-supplied organ in increased amount and causes a congestion which sometimes proves fatal. It is a *dangerous* thing to do, either way. Children have been thrown into convulsions, and you have all known of persons drowning by being seized with cramp in the stomach upon going in bathing too soon after a meal. If no worse effects follow than retarded digestion you may be thankful, but *that* is a certain consequent.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Napkin Rings.—A hostess who has two or three visitors staying several days with her, and who does not keep on hand an extra supply of silver napkin rings, is sometimes puzzled to know how to individualize their napkins so that the same one will be given to the person who has used it before. A very pretty way is to make some ribbon rings for such a use. Cut a strip of pasteboard an inch and a quarter or an inch and a half wide and about five inches long. Cut a piece of ribbon of the right width and length, and embroider or paint a little vine upon it. Line it with a bright contrasting color. Sew it together neatly, and tie a bow of the *very* narrow ribbon over it. Two or three of these dainty affairs will be found very convenient for the use of guests.

To Paint in Oils.—I saw several weeks back a person asked how to paint in oil colors. Not having time to answer until now I will proceed. First, the materials must be an easel, palette, palette-knife, brushes, colors, a little oil and varnish, and some prepared mill board. They are not expensive. The palette should be made of mahogany, of an oblong shape, and light in weight. The pallette-knife should be pliant and well tempered. The brushes should be two flat hog's-hair brushes in the numbers 2 and 7, two flat sable brushes, numbers 4 and 8, three round sable brushes, numbers 1, 4 and 6. These will be amply sufficient to begin with, but some camel-hair in quills may be added. A brush called a badger-softener is of use in painting skies, but they are expensive and can be dispensed with at first.

The colors are closed in airtight metal tubes and the capsule being unscrewed you squeeze the color from the bottom of the tubes. I will give you a list of the most useful colors. The first six are opaque and the remainder are transparent. Be careful to remember this: 1, flake white; 2, Naples yellow; 3, light red; 4, Indian red; 5, vermilion; 6, terra verte; 7, burnt amber; 8, raw sienna; 9, burnt sienna; 10, Antwerp blue; 11, ivory black. The price of the tubes of paint is six pence each. There are also colors which are of a higher price and used in finishing. These are French ultramarine and madder lake. They are used in sky tints and delicate flesh tints. Of oils and varnish you require some raw linseed oil, some light drying oil, a bottle of mastic varnish, a little spirits of turpentine and a little olive or eating oil. A wet rag is better than india rubber for correcting mistakes. Now I have told you what it takes if you wish I will come again and tell you how to make a table easel, a prepared millboard and how to begin to paint and several things beneficial to a new beginner. I would write a series of letters on oil painting, but perhaps the editor would not wish to bother with them.—BRIDAL ROSE.

We should be glad to have short practical letters upon this subject.

A Pretty Parlor Ornament.—Get a wooden cross made 10 inches high. Then cover the entire surface with white paper. When this has become thoroughly dry take sheets of double white wax and mold over the paper on the cross and press it on firmly. Be careful to make the joints even and smooth. Then make an ivy wreath. To make the wreath cover a piece of wire with wax by molding it around with the fingers. Then proceed to make the leaves. Get two ivy leaf-molds, a large and a small one. Moisten the molds with warm water; then press a piece of single white wax on the back of the mold. Now cut away the surplus around the edge of the mold. Take a piece of wire, covered with wax, from one to two inches long, and place one end on the center of the mold for the stem. Then pass another piece of wax over this as before. Carefully remove the leaf from the mold. Make as many as are required. The leaves made from small molds are to be placed at the top. Entwine the vines around the cross, and you will have a pretty ornament. —MRS. B SMITH, Frankfort.

Directions for Knitting a Bedspread.—Cast on 40 stitches. First row.—Knit plain. Second row.—Take off the first stitch, narrow, make a stitch by putting over the thread, narrow, make 1, and so on across the needle. Third row.—Knit across plain. Fourth row.—Knit 4 plain, seam, except the last 4, knit plain. Fifth row.—Four plain, narrow twice, make 1, narrow once, make 1 till only 6 remain, then narrow once and knit 4 plain. Sixth row.—Four plain, seam all but the last 4, those knit plain. Seventh row.—Four plain, narrow, the rest plain, till the last 6, narrow, and knit 4 plain. Eighth row.—Same as the seventh. Ninth row.—Four plain, seam the last 4, which knit plain. Tenth Row.—Four plain, narrow, plain to the last, 6 narrow, knit 4; Eleventh Row—Four plain, seam to the last 4, which knit plain; Twelfth Row—The same as the 11th; Thirteenth Row—Four plain, narrow, plain till 6 are left, narrow and knit the rest plain; Fourteenth row—Four plain, seam all but the last 4 which knit plain; Fifteenth Row—Four plain, narrow plain till 6 are left, narrow, knit plain; Sixteenth Row—Same as the 15th; Seventeenth Row—Four plain, seam all but the 4, knit plain; Eighteenth Row—Four plain, narrow plain, etc.; Nineteenth Row—Four plain, seam, etc.; Twentieth Row—Four plain, seam, etc. When one has got so far she can easily see how to go on. The shell begins with two stitches in holes, the other sides have a border four stitches deep, a center is ridged in three stripes across by alternate seaming and plain. The outline is in graceful curves which, when the shells are set together, makes the beauty of the quilt, being a kind of raised work. The design can be varied if the knitter is ingenious by more rows of holes, making open work in binding off. Leave the thread long enough to be used in sewing to the shell. It is very easy putting them together.

Can any one tell me what would be a suitable present to give to a young man?—LITTLE LACE MAKER, Beloit, Mahoning Co., O.

History of Silk in the United States from Reliable Sources.

BY NELLIE LINCOLN ROSSITER, SILK CULTURIST.

The culture of silk first commenced in Virginia. From the settlement of that colony it was deemed an object of the first importance, and the attention of the settlers was strongly directed to it by the British Government, by whom silk worm eggs, white mulberry trees, and printed instructions, were sent over and distributed.

King James I., in the 20th year of his reign, having doubtless seen the defeat of his plan to encourage silk culture at home, was induced to attempt it in Virginia, and, having understood "that the soil naturally yieldeth store of excellent mulberries," gave instructions to the Earl of Southampton "to urge the cultivation of silk in the colony, in preference to tobacco," "which bringeth with it many disorders and inconveniences."*

In obedience to the command the Earl wrote an express letter on the subject to the Virginia Council, in which he desired them to compel the colonists to plant mulberry trees and also vines. Accordingly, as early as the year 1623, the Colonial Assembly directed the planting of mulberry trees, and in 1656, another act was passed, in which the culture of silk is described as the most profitable commodity for the country, and a penalty of 10 pounds of tobacco or 1 barrel of corn was levied upon every planter who should fail to plant at least 10 mulberry trees for every hundred acres of land in his possession. In the same year a premium of 4,000 pounds of tobacco† was given to a person as an inducement to remain in the country and prosecute the trade in silk; and in the next year a premium of 10,000 pounds of tobacco was offered to any one who should export £300 worth of the raw material of silk. About the same time 5,000 pounds of the same article were promised "to any one who should produce 1,000 pounds of wound (reeled) silk in one year."

The act of 1656, coercing the planting of the mulberry trees, was repealed in the year 1658, but was revived two years after, and the system of rewards and penalties was steadily pursued until the year 1666, when it was determined that all statutory provisions were thereafter unnecessary, as the success of divers persons in the growth of silk and other manufactures "evidently demonstrated how beneficial the same would prove." Three years after legislative encouragements were revived; but subsequently the silver lining of the cloud of discouragement seems entirely to have ceased.‡

The renewal of the premiums after the act of the year 1658, was, doubtless, owing to the recommendation of Charles II., for, in the year 1661, among the instructions given to Sir William Berkeley, upon his reappointment as Governor, and while in England on a visit, the King recommended the cultivation of silk, and mentioned as an inducement to the colonists to attend to his advice, "that he had formerly worn some of the silk of Virginia, which he found not inferior to that raised in other countries." This remark is probably the ground of the tradition mentioned by Beverly, that the King had worn a robe of Virginia silk at his coronation.§

The active encouragement given by the Colonial Legislature to the culture of silk, had the desired effect. Mulberry trees were generally planted, and the rearing of silk worms formed a part of the regular business of many of the farmers. Maj. Walker, a member of the Legislature, produced satisfactory evidence of his having 70,000 trees growing in the year 1666, and claimed the pension. Other claims of a like tenor were presented the same session‖ The eastern part of the State abounds at present with white mulberry trees; (1882) and it is to be hoped the people will see their interest in renewing the culture of silk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*In the early settlement of Virginia, tobacco was the circulating medium, the substitute for money, as sewing silk is, in part, at present (1882) in Windham County, Connecticut.

†Henning's Statutes of Virginia, vols. 1 and 2. Letter to the Secretary of the Treasurer in answer to the silk circular, from the Hon. John Tyler, late Governor of Virginia.

‡Burke's History of Virginia, vol 2, page 123.

§Burke, vol. 2, p. 241.

Correspondence.

A LITTLE OF SEVERAL THINGS.—"J. L. H.," of New Jersey, is willing to send postage for matrimonial and comic papers, but makes no such offer for Gaskell's Compendium, thinking likely that one who could offerd such a gift to a stranger could also afford the slight additional expense of postage, or, perhaps, the comic papers are the more essential element in preparing for life's work.

If "Miss W. D. B." will take the stitch unknit on to the needle the mystery of slipping will be made clear.

Chufas are nice if washed carefully and dried. They resemble nuts in taste, and I used to plant them for my own Winter eating, being where nuts were very scarce. They look like coarse grass, but the children called them small potatos while engaged in digging them.

I am anxiously awaiting a reply to "S.M. Yeoman," for I had hitherto supposed popcorn grew instead of being made, but am willing to acknowledge my ignorance.

If Mrs. Micawber will insist on Micawber's carrying water, moving furniture and making himself generally useful, he will soon have a pressing business engagement somewhere else.

If riches never took to themselves wings, then could a girl marry according to "Housekeeper's" advice; but the fact of a man's being wealthy to-day is no guaranty that he will be worth a cent to-morrow, so money is not what one should marry for. Culture, refinement, education, morality, any of these is everlasting, as should also be the marriage relation. It is the man one weds, not the property, else is marriage but a cloak for what is given an ugly name. A woman gives, not sells herself. Did "Housekeeper" say not to marry a lazy, thriftless man, then would I respond amen. But an energetic, sober man, if loved, is not to be refused merely for lack of property.

Suppose fire is kept over night, as must be done with hard and is easily done with soft coal. Then, with warmth in one room, building fires has little terror. This is much cheaper up North than keeping a cheap nigger.

A lady wrote, about two years ago, from Clarksville, Ia., I think, who said she had become able to support herself, after several years preparation, in some way unmentioned. I should like her address, as I have no means of obtaining the BLADE in which her communication appeared.

In much of the fancy work described, the chief beauty arises from a spray of flowers, embroidered or painted from nature. As I cannot draw the outline even of a flower, to paint one is impossible. Had I the ability, I would not teach school and "board 'round," and be dependent on others for ideas as to ornamentation. Am I peculiar, or are there others as devoid of talent as I; and, if so, why not some work described for our benefit?

The bolting cloths of which "Mattie Kent" speaks can be made into ties, handkerchiefs or even dresses. Some kinds wash, and then any article for which fine muslin is used can be made. I could dispose of considerable of it to advantage, had I the material.—MARY DURANT.

Our correspondent could not have read the "Fancy Work" very carefully, or she would have found many things described which did not call for "a spray of flowers." When that is mentioned it is easy to substitute something in *appliqué* which only needs to be cut out and button-hole stitched on, and is very handsome.—ED.

PARENT VS. TEACHER.—There is a legend among parents that children go to school to study, and the teacher gets all of the credit of progress made. While we bear no malice toward the school teacher fraternity, we believe in "honor to whom honor is due." A pupil with the bump of get-up-and-go ahead well developed has his books at home, has memory stocked with questions to ask papa and mama, goes through the bookcase and newspapers in search of information on the subject. Then papa must explain those terrible problems in arithmetic, and give them an outline of their compositions, hear them spell, and correct their pronunciation. Mamma, between stitches, explains the parts of speech in their grammar lesson, and shows them "that horrid river that I can't find in the geography." They get their lessons "by heart," return to school and "go head" in the class to the pride of the teacher and the envy of the less fortunate pupils whose parents have not leisure or inclination or ability to assist them. These are classed as drones by the teacher and become discouraged and stay "foot."

But where the teacher is most to blame, is the fact that so little of their education is practical. The suggestions on page 9 will tell you that they have been clear through Ray's third part, through the geography to Asia, yet ask them unexpectedly some simple question of every day transactions and they will look puzzled and tell you that there isn't any such questions in the book, and it is the same throughout. They can beat the country at a ciphering match, but ask them to calculate a simple transaction of business, and they will acknowledge that they "don't know how." They can work "interest and partial payments," but have never been taught to draw a promissory note; they can work "partnership," but don't know the first principle of an article of agreement. They have been clear to Asia in geography, but know nothing of the rational form of study of their native State. It is not in the books, and the modern teacher follows copy.

So the pupil's progress may be summed up, that the teacher assigns the subject from the book, the parent explains its meaning and assists him to learn it "by heart," the teacher hears him recite; the pupil is educated at the parent's expense and the credit of the teacher.—HUMBUG.

HOW SHE DOES IT.—I am lonely to-night and will not listen to the wind whistling around the house, but will talk to the Household so as to getting how quiet mine own is to-night. I am sometimes amused and sometimes provoked at the grumbling members of this widespread family. I wonder how "Housekeeper" feels by this time. She certainly cannot feel a bit neglected, as almost all have something to say either for or against her.

I, too, am a housekeeper, and although cannot say I love it, still have been in positions I disliked more, and taking all things in consideration believe I rather like it, but mothers, teach your daughters housekeeping while they are at home, for whether they ever marry or not, the knowledge will be of service to them. Teach them to sweep, dust, cook, etc., and see that they do it right. I do not mean for you to keep them at such drudgery, curtailing their girlish liberty and pleasures. Give them time for both, yet insist upon the performance of those duties, and when they are older they will thank you for it. I was 21 years old when married, and not one useful thing did I know about cooking, and never will I forget the tears I shed over failures and blunders. I had been a boarder, and my husband saw me share of the work lay in making beds, sweeping and keeping rooms in order, which part I understood and liked thoroughly, but, oh, dear, what a predicament I was in. Did not know how to bake a loaf of bread, a cake, or even broil a steak, and I was ashamed to expose my ignorance to hired help, wishing first to conquer the difficulties alone, and conquer them I did.

Forftunately my husband knew beforehand of my shortcomings, so was very forbearing, although many times have the tears welled to my eyes as the irrepressible smile would creep around his lips as he tasted some grand collapsed effort of my culinary skill.

And now, girls, just take the advice of one who knows all about it and learn the accomplishment, and you will never be sorry. It is easier to learn under mother's supervision than at any other time or place. System is the golden key that unlocks all its difficulties. I have a family of four, do my own work except washing, and have plenty of time to rest, write and read.

Just let me give you an outline of the way I put in the time, hoping it may be a slight help to some of you young housekeepers who yet lack experience. We seldom rise earlier than half-past six or seven, and while my husband builds the fires and puts the teakettle on, and the kitchen is getting warm I pick up things in the sitting room, and either make the beds or shake up and open them to air. After breakfast the dishes are washed. Then I get breakfast in half or three-quarters of an hour, having set the table the night before; then wash the dishes, get the children off to school, sweep and dust the kitchen, sweep the bed rooms and sitting room. While waiting for dust to settle (although I do not raise much by using short, quick strokes of the broom,) I water plants, then dust everything well, especially the stove, for I do like to see a bright clean stove. Then get warm, clean water and wipe off the oil cloths. By this time it is nearly 11 o'clock and I start dinner, and while it is cooking I bathe face and hands, comb my hair and change my dress. By 2 o'clock I have my dishes washed, kitchen brushed out, and am ready to leave the kitchen until evening, which I get a very light supper. Of course on baking and ironing days I am busier, generally ironing in the afternoon, but try to get baking always done before dinner.—MARTHA.

THE DECORATION OF YARDS AND LAWNS.—To decorate a yard or lawn prettily, one must have an artistic eye. Always have a good grass to start with, as the grass is as much to the lawn as the carpet is to the room, and the grouping of shrubs, flower beds etc., the same as the arrangement of the furniture of the room. Therefore, care should be taken not to place two shrubs or two flower beds just opposite each other each side of the path. Perennial plants should be set in clumps by themselves, as they are in bloom only a short time, and will attract attention anywhere when in bloom. One of the prettiest of this class is the Perennial Phlox, which produces immense trusses of bloom. Some of the best varieties are the Duchess of Southerland, early pure white, Virgo Maria, white, late. Madam Maria Lotte, white, pink eye, Murillo, lilac, Jules Ferry, dark violet, white eye, Prince Christian, bright crimson, La Graciense, white, pink eye, Bessie Darling white, purple eye. Peonies are also good decorative plants. The fragrance is as fine as a pink and the pure double white is splendid. Genessee, outside blush, center yellow, Duchess de Nemours, fine lilac, Lutea, lovely blush, is a fine selection.

Lilies should never be wanting. Some varieties are very expensive, but there are others that are cheap, as well as very beautiful. There is the pure white candidum and trumpet lily, longiflorum, lanciflorum, rubrum, white and red; lanciflorum roseum, pink; tiger and double tiger; Columbianum, orange, crimson; Philadelphicum, orange, scarlet and spotted black. Superbicum, a perfect beauty, often grows from five to seven feet high. There is a new bulb called hyacinthus candicans, which is also very fine for vases or lawns. Its stalk bears numerous bell-shaped flowers. It is said to be perfectly hardy, but should be covered to protect it a little in very cold localities.

Ribbon beds of scarlet, white, and dromonds phlox scarlet, blue, white and striped verbenas purple, scarlet, white yellow, crimson, orange portulaca, or as it is often called, rose; moss scarlet, blue and white, in weeks stock. Blue, white and crimson asters makes a fine show, white mixed beds of pink and other annuals add much to the beauty of a yard or lawn, as they begin to bloom when quite small and continue until very hard frosts in the Fall, with the exception of the portulaca which succumbs to the first frosts. The Russian mulberry is becoming quite popular for yards and lawns. The foliage is fine cut and very pretty, and the fruit is very good, thus combining the useful with the ornamental. Roses should always be around a home. They are often called queen of the flowers. Dahlias and gladiolus bulbs can be set around in a yard and generally give good satisfaction. Cannas and caladiums are also very nice. In hardy shrubs we have the lovely althea, with its double red and single white flowers. It is very desirable, as it blooms in the Fall when there is scarcely a tree or shrub in bloom. It is very hardy as is the double and single white deutzias. The double is the prettiest, but the single blooms the best. For something tropical try erianthus, an ornamental grass with flowers, stems often 10 feet high. It is almost as pretty as the pampas grass which is so much admired and very hardy.

The fringe tree is a lovely shrub; the white soft is the prettiest but the purple variety retains its flowers longer. It is often called smoke or mist tree. The hardy hydrangea is one of the most beautiful of our hardy shrubs, bearing large bunches of white flowers on the top of its branches. Pyrus japonica is quite new, very hardy, and has an odd way of producing its flowers before its foliage and makes a grand display when in bloom. Every one is acquainted with the pretty snowball, with its white flowers. But every one don't have them though. Syringas, or, as they are often called, mock oranges, have lovely white flowers, and their fragrance is unsurpassed; and the spiraeas are always admired when in bloom. Their white flowers are very pretty.

Several have asked "Where is Chatta Bella?" Well, I am at home and very busy; so I do not find much time for letter writing, only business letters being about all I can get through with. Thanking you for your kind remembrance, I am as ever your flower-loving CHATTABELLA, West Branch, Ogemaw Co., Mich.

FROM THE PACIFIC SHORE.—I am seated in the west window of the Republic and as many of you have never seen the Pacific Coast, I will try and tell you something about this land of the Golden Shore.

I wish I could say we never have frost or snow here, and that is just what California used to say; but you know the seasons change very much as the country is settled, and it is true here as well as elsewhere. A few years ago there was never any frost, but for the last few seasons frost has come and lately we had a snow storm, and the snow came whirling down for several hours in true Eastern style, until it lay about two inches deep. Then all the boys and many of the elder heads went wild, and snow balls flew fast and furious, neither age nor sex were secure against the yowsy showers. Some hastily improvised sleighs and ponies were driven through the streets loaded with laughing men and boys, but they all come to grief sooner or later, for no such target could escape the general fire. As might be expected when the boys of a big City turned out for fun there were some accidents and some broken windows, but the most of it was good-natured fun.

We have had for some days the coldest weather ever known here, and every morning everything is white with frost, when it ought according to all precedent to be raining, but it cannot always last.

Well, although it is cold for California, it is not like the cold most of you enjoy at this time of year. It is warm out in the sun and everything is green and growing. I have roses in the front garden, and little roly-poly chickens in the back yard.

So many of the readers are such flower lovers, and I sympathize with them so fully, that I must tell them what we can do here in the floral line. First, of all, I want you all to mourn with me over the destruction of the conservatory in Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco, where they had the finest collection of plants I have ever seen, and anyone could see it by taking a trip of a few miles over a cable road. Well, then, we have growing in the open air, roses, fuchsias, violets, oxalis, carnations, candytuft, sweet alyssum, verbenas, lilies, migulonette, forget-me-nots, gladioli and so many things; yes, and all kinds of geraniums. Of course the hard frosts have hurt them, but not as one would suppose.

Then to root slips one has only to give them a shady place and stick them in the ground. There is a grow to everything in this country. There are great quantities of evergreens of all kinds here, and so many of the trees and shrubs one sees are evergreen in reality, though they do not look so, and they do look as it they would shed their leaves in the Fall; but they don't. Whether they are not bedding plants, whether they have forgotten to drop their leaves is hard to tell. There are very many beautiful flowering shrubs here. There is one looking almost like a small pine that bears long, feathery tufts of bloom of an orange-scarlet at the tips of the limbs, and when the flower is gone there is a cone formed right around the limb, no more properly speaking, a seed of small cones, and the limb keeps going right along, leaving the brown cone among the leaves as though it had been strung on the boughs. One other shrub, looking much like the former, has clusters of tiny flowers of the most exquisite shade of pale blue. There is another that has smooth oval leaves of a very deep green, and is covered with clusters of tiny brown buds and white blossoms nearly all the year.

Then upon the lawns we see pampas grass sending aloft their long, snowy plumes in the Fall, and the glorious magnolia, with its crown of flossy leaves and lovely great, white blossoms, while great century-plants send up candelabra-shaped flower-stocks to an immense hight, and palms of various sorts, large pines, roses grown into trees, and everywhere the eucalyptus or blue-green trees complete a very pleasing picture. Especially is it so to eyes accustomed to Winter landscapes of ice and snow.

I live in Oakland, but I talk of San Francisco, much as if I lived there, for, in reality, this is just a suburb of the big City. —MRS. N. E. J.

FROM KANSAS AGAIN.—Since writing a letter for your paper, I have received many communications from all parts of the United States, asking a variety of questions in regard to this part of the world. As it would be utterly impossible to write each individual, I will try and answer the general questions through the BLADE. Nearly all have asked me to give the dark side of this County, and I have been trying to think if any unpleasant things occurred here that did not occur in all States. I can think of none, so concluded the dark side was given in Michigan and Northern Ohio, where they have been having those terrible storms. Yes, the wind blows here. If you should come here in March you would think so, as that is our windy month, but we get used to it and do not notice it—or put up with it, thinking that it keeps our country the healthiest in the world, for we seldom have sickness. I am told that we have had no grasshoppers for 10 years, but they passed over here, millions of them, five years ago, and also two years ago, going West. For the last 10 years we have had too much rain for them here, so they go to the western part of Kansas, Colorado, etc.

No, people have not had to receive aid in this County, or in this part of the State, but are abundantly able to help themselves and others. We have many wealthy farmers in this and adjoining Counties, but for some reason this County has never been much advertised. The people who live here want to get it all themselves, I guess. The water in the springs and river is good. Water can be obtained by digging from 20 to 100 feet, according to location. I think we have all the doctors, dentists, black smiths, dry good stores, hardware stores, and hotels that the town will support. There are seven grocery stores. I asked several of them if they would sell, with one exception, they said no; they were doing too good a business for that. One man said he would be glad to sell, in order to use the money in another business that he had. I gave him all the letters in regard to that business. He is a good, responsible man. You can depend on what he says.

Corn is never a failure. I saw corn last year that grew on bottom land, 18 feet 2 inches high, with five ears of corn on a stalk. It was the best to be found in the field, but there was but little difference in all. It now sells at 30 cents a bushel. Oats are 30 and 35 cents. Wheat is not always a sure crop, but last year we had such an abundance of it that it is not all thrashed yet, and on many firms there was enough left scattered over the ground to have supplied some of the Indiana farmers with more than they would raise there in three years. You Eastern farmers do not farm as they do here, if you did, you would not expect to raise any thing. What can not be done in an easy way here, is generally not done. Of course there are exceptions to the rule.

This is a herd law County, so there is no free range; but good land is very cheap. The Government reservation at Ft. Riley has always been free range until a few months ago.

You ask about mill sites. I will quote from a carefully prepared statement made by some of the leading business men: "The Smoky Hill River provides a mill site at every bend; its channel is from 20 to 30 feet deep, and narrow. A 10-foot dam will not increase the liability to overflow the banks. The creeks and rivers of this County will furnish water power, if properly improved, to grind all one year the entire wheat crop of Kansas; or, if applied to the manufacture of cotton and woolen fabrics, to clothe all the people of Kansas and Colorado for ages; or, if applied to cutting stone, would saw out material to build a house for every farmer in the State. Junction City is the center of more water power than any other City on the continent.

In regard to the stone, Junction City is surrounded by hills composed of Magnesian limestone. This stone extends for many miles along the banks of the Kansas and Smoky Hill Rivers. It is of a beautiful light gray or cream tint. Saw or turning lathes will work it the same as pine lumber. It bears frost better than any other stone known in the West; hardens constantly by exposure; texture fine; no grit; it is of great strength, bearing a pressure of 3,300 pounds to the square inch. Col. Isaac Young, Commissioner of the State to the Paris Exposition reports it exactly the same quality of stone as used in France, some of the buildings having stood for 500 years. There is only a little dirt on the top, one or two feet at most on these bluffs, and I am told there is stone enough to build a stone wall 30 feet high around Kansas and have stone left. I gave your letters in regard to stone quarries to men who are interested in that business, who will write you, answering your questions much better than I could. Being a lady I do not have the opportunity of knowing about farming and business that a gentleman would, so the questions that I have been unable to answer, I have endeavored to give to men who were reliable, and interested in the business you inquired for, who will write you. You see you were all mistaken—Frances is a lady's name. Many of you have asked me to write again. If this is of interest I will write more.—FRANCES E. GREENO, Junction City, Kansas.

Inquiries.

What will bleach buff chambry white? Or, can it be done? I have tried chloride of lime, sal soda and cream tartar. The dress is entirely new and was spotted with acid, and is worth nothing unless it is bleached?—LIEBIE.

Please ask Mrs. E. O. Church to give plan of hatching house for hens, either through the BLADE or direct to me, and I will return cost of sending same.—S. E. JACOBS.

In one of the back numbers of the BLADE I saw the request, "How to make a tissue air castle." I have watched carefully every BLADE since, but have not found the directions. Will they please send them? Also, will some one tell me how to fix a girl's hair that has been cut off and now hangs about her neck? The girl is 12 years old.—TOUCHMENOT.

If "Novice" will send me patterns for darning on net something suitable for a child's over-dress, I will return the favor if possible.—MRS. L. LANGHEAD, Washington, Washington Co., Iowa.

If "Novice" will send her address we will forward a letter or two which are here.—ED.

Will you please tell me where I can obtain Nellie Lincoln Rossiter's book on "Silk and Silk Culture?" I saw it noticed, but have not the address. Please state the price of it also.—MARTHA.

Write to her at 2832 Goldbeck street, Philadelphia, Pa. The price is 25 cents.—ED.

I am glad to see the articles on "Health and Beauty" in this Department of the BLADE. The laws of health are so often violated by the young and thoughtless, and some through a false delicacy become confirmed invalids. I earnestly hope this may be a blessing to many.

Will you have the kindness to forward the enclosed to the address of the lady who contributed the directions for knitting "baby shoe" in the BLADE, January 18, 1883? The part after taking off the 20 stitches is indefinite to me. I do not succeed in getting it right. My own obtuseness, I presume, hinders.—K. H. R.

The letter spoken of awaits the address of the person who sent the pattern.—ED.

Please ask some "Sister" to give a cheap and easy method of framing small pictures. Has any one a book entitled "Poems of War," compiled by Richard Grant White, which they would exchange or can tell me where it can be obtained? Please ask where "Florence" knitting silk can be bought and its probable cost. Any addressing me personally will receive attention and stamps when necessary.—MRS. JAS. SHEPHERD, South Pueblo, Col.

Having seen some time ago "Mrs. E. O. Church's" offer to give a plan for a hatching house for poultry, I would say to her that I for one would be pleased to have it given in the BLADE, and think it would be of interest to many at this season.—MRS. MARGARET JONES, Avon, Ill.

Will the gentleman that wrote last year about his castor oil beans that grew 20 feet high please send me a few seeds? I have lost the paper and do not remember his name.—MRS. C. S. KNIGHT, Grand Rapids, Mich., 605 Front St.

I noticed in your columns of the BLADE of December 7th an article in answer to one Alexander McDonald on polygamy. If this Alex McDonald ever lived on Coal Branch near Alton, Ill., I should be very glad to hear from him the latter as that is my brother's name, whom I have not heard from for years.—MRS. MAGGIE COOK.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD send me a pattern of the Centennial quilt, I will send some other patterns in exchange if wanted. My little boy, who is 13 years old, stepped on a needle three years ago last September, and broke the joint off in his heel. He has not walked only with crutches since. He pieces quilts, draws rugs, and does all kinds of knitting. He is knitting lace now, the pattern he saw in the HOUSEHOLD.—MRS. H. F. BOLEN, Exira, Audubon County, Iowa.

Will some one please send to my address the words of the song, "The Rover's Bride," and I will send stamps for the postage that they will have to put on by return mail. Can any one of the many readers of the BLADE give me the address of J. P. Adams, formerly of Co. B, 8th Iowa Infantry?—W. T. EGGEN, Bedford, Taylor County, Iowa.

How can I print butter best, with a print? Can butter be colored without injuring its quality, and how?

Please send me a good recipe for coloring drab-colored cashmere black, and how to clean black cashmere. Also, I am troubled with a continual ringing in one of my ears and also a partial deafness. What will cure it?—VEDA.

Will some one please tell me where I could get some curious or pretty shells or stones. I would like to get a collection of both and am very much interested.—ROY.

Being much pleased with "Gypsy's" heroic defense of our sex, I would be happy to know more of her. Will she please address a letter to "Netta," box 274, Erie, Pa., and oblige a constant reader?

Will some of the sisters send me some Florida moss, coral or sponge. It grows on the ground, on poor sand banks. What shall I send in return?—Box 178, Leon, Decatur County, Ia.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Constant Reader" wishes to know how to rid her canaries of red mites. Change your birds into another cage, or better still, let them have wing exercise by turning them loose in a room. Give the cage a good scalding, and whenever you wash the perches dip the ends in hot ashes. Occasionally I give my birds a dish of dry earth mixed with ashes and a very little sulphur. They delight to wallow in it, like so many chickens. It keeps them healthy and vigorous. I have raised canaries successfully for several years, and if my experience will benefit you any inclose stamp and list of questions and I will reply. Address—MRS. L. L. WINTERS, Wessington, Beadle Co., D. T.

If "Constant Reader" will put sulphur in a thin sack and hang in her bird cage, their picking it will powder them and destroy their enemies.—LUCY HARPER, Elba, Mich.

Album quotations for "Little Nell:" "The weary earth is filled with untouched work, waiting for hands to do. Why do you stand and look? Are you no better than the butterflies or nodding flower beside the Summer brook? For every one there is some work to do, with brain, or hand, or lip; something to earn, some niche to fill, some helpless life to ease, some things make straight, and much of love to learn."—CRICKET.

I see in THE HOUSEHOLD department a call for something to cleanse a baby's head. Take the yolk of an egg, part of one will do at once, beat up in soft water. It is better than soap.—GREEN LEAF.

I have all the patterns I want, and many thanks to those who sent them. If any one wishes patterns of elephants, horse, dog, mouse, cat, rat and rabbit, or the songs entitled, "Poor Nelly Grey," "When I was Single," and "The Dutchman's Girl," in Florida, or California, or any other State and will send me coral, moss and sea-moss, or scraps for charm quilts, I will send any of the above in return.—HANNAH E. BENSON.

Please allow me to answer an inquiry in the BLADE of February 15, how to drive off or kill moles. I will give a recipe that has never failed me: Take mandrake or May-apple roots, boil and make a strong tea, put common corn in it, boil until soft, then put the corn wherever the moles frequent.

I wish to thank the editor for her chapters on "Health and Beauty."—MARTHA WEST.

In the BLADE of January 25, "Reader" wishes some one to send him a recipe to cure a dog that has the mange. The following is a sure cure: Twenty grs. of arsenic given inwardly. Two days afterward rub well with coal oil. I have tried this and know it to be a sure cure.—WILLIAM W. CONNER.

Please tell the person who wanted the address of John Brooks that there is a man by that name living at Burdickville, Leelenaw County, Mich. He is in New Jersey at present, but his family are at B. Write to his wife, Mrs. J. Brooks, Burdickville.—E. A. H.

If "Widower" with weak lungs from the State of New

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Wheat vs. Chess.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In perusing the columns of the Farm Department of February 23, I noticed an article written by Mr. E. E. Hyde, of New York. Now as far as experience has gone it has proved that it is an impossibility for wheat to turn to chest or any thing else. Several years ago Mr. Fuller, agricultural editor of the New York Sun, offered $500 in cash for a specimen of chest with a grain of wheat attached, but it could not be produced. Mr. Hyde surely must have had some chest in his seed.

Some say that chest will turn to timothy; to those I have this to say: Sow your seed derived from such a source and perhaps it will produce a flock of sheep. Botanists as well as scientific farmers aver that chest or chess is a distinct plant and much hardier than wheat, hence it takes the place where wheat has failed or come up sparingly. Let us have pure facts; miracles are at a discount these days.

I will now relate my experience with the berry to disprove that wheat turns to chest. Several years ago I purchased some California May wheat, strictly pure, and sowed it late on Summer breaking that had contained some buffalo-wallows and tramps knolls. When the wheat drowned and froze out, besides the scores of rabbits that infest this country, kept it pastured down to the surface all Winter, my neighbor's cattle tramped some out, and though suffering from the natural elements as well as these disadvantages, it produced clean wheat, not a grain of chest being visible, nor in the succeeding years from the same seed. Now in conclusion I will say to Mr. Hyde, and others of the same opinion, that be either sowed chest or his stock carried it on the ground previously.—Paul Heiss, Harper, Ks.

Information Wanted.

Will some reader of the Blade please inform me through these columns where I can buy some spring rye for seed, and when is the best time to sow it?—A. J. T., Oakland, Iowa.

Will some of the readers of the Blade please tell what will kill lice on horses?—H. B. Forbes, Storm Lake, Iowa.

Information Furnished.

A correspondent of the Blade wants some one to give a recipe to cure a spavin: Oil of origanum, 3 oz.; gum of camphor, 1 oz.; mercurial ointment, 1 oz.; iodine ointment, ½ oz. Grind it in a morter well and then put it in a big-mouthed bottle. Apply twice a day with the hand, rubbing it in well. This is a sure cure for bone spavin.—Byron Beard, Maurice, Mich.

In the Blade of February 15, "Subscriber" wants to know what will cure spavin. For young horses he should mix 1 dr. of bichloride of mercury, with 1 oz. of lard, and apply once a week; lard the parts once a day. Old horses should have a little lard mixed in the mercurial ointment; oil of olives 2 oz., oil of turpentine 1 oz., creosote 1 oz.—D. W. M., Elk Creek, Wis.

I send a recipe for the cure of sweeny. It is the best I ever used; never knew the second course to fail; first time generally cures: One pt. of good apple vinegar, 2 eggs, lump of salt and lard each the size of 2 eggs; mix and boil to 1 pt: use so it will make nine applications; rub the medicine on the place and lay a thick cotton cloth over it; rub cloth with a hot iron until it is thoroughly heated; repeat mornings and noons three mornings until you have rubbed it three times. It will not scar or injure the hair, and you can work the horse right along.—S. Bennett, Reno, Mo.

The Egg Trade.

Few persons who eat eggs have any idea of the extent of the traffic in these succulent breakfast delicacies. The increase of the egg trade and its development as one of the industries of the country are really remarkable. A journal that instituted careful inquiries regarding the matter, asserts that the business of supplying consumers in New York City alone now amounts to $18,000,000 per annum. Throughout the Union there are eaten $75,000,000 worth of eggs each year. The improvements achieved in imparting permanence to that freshness which is one of the essential attributes of the egg to make it serviceable, are certainly ingenious. The recently-invented process of crystallization is one of the most curious methods of guarding against this blight of tastelessness. By its agency the natural egg is charged into an amber-lined, vitreous substance, which, while reduced in bulk, has imparted to it the property of remaining in edible condition for years, notwithstanding the deteriorating effects of climate. What is more singular than this is that when thus treated the eggs can be transported to any place without injury, and can afterward be restored to their original condition when desirable by adding the water which has been artificially removed from the shell. This simple process is called "dessicating," and the principal companies engaged in thus preparing eggs are situated in New York City and St. Louis. It is said that neither salt nor extraneous matter is employed in producing "dessication." The egg is merely reduced, by the removal of the water, to a consolidated mass of yolk and albumen. Eggs are also preserved by the process of "liming," and thus preserved they may be utilized for every purpose save that of selling. It is a custom of unscrupulous dealers to palm these "limed" eggs off on purchasers as "fresh country eggs," and it can be done with ease and success. In the "dessicating" process such fraud is impossible, for the very sufficient reason that an egg that is tainted, even if it be ever so slightly, cannot be crystallized at all.

Marketable Honey.

Of late years the tendency among bee-keepers has been to neglect comb-honey, and work almost exclusively for extracted. The latter is more rapidly secured, and it requires less skill to succeed in obtaining a large amount of extracted honey. The experience of practical men, however, may well induce bee-keepers to consider the advisability of working for comb honey. This always, if properly secured, finds ready sale at the highest prices.

One man in Illinois, with 174 colonies by the Spring count, sold 30,000 in the Fall, secured over 15,000 pounds of honey, which sold for $3,000.

At present the market demands honey in sections. Even the so-called prize section, which is 6¼ by 6¼ inches, is found too large, and our wide-awake apiarists have used generally the one-pound section, which is 4½ inches square. This season, the experience in this locality in the market shows that even a smaller—a half-pound section—is to take the lead. It will be advisable for bee-keepers to arrange to secure this year's honey, in part, at least, in sections of this smaller size.

Tin or wooden separators, which have been used between the sections to secure straight combs, that could be dropped easily, are a tremendous waste of time. Apiarists find their use unnecessary. The secret of this seems to rest with the depth of the section. The usual depth has been two inches. By making the sections from 1 5-8 to 1 3-4 inch deep, so that the comb shall not be so thick, the even combs are secured without separators, especially if use is made of comb foundation.

In arranging to change the form of section, if only this double, let it be remembered that the square form is not essential. Even the prize section is not square. Many contend that a rectangular section, longer up and down, is worked in better by the bees, and more quickly capped over, and filled to the edge, than is one that is square. It is worth while to think of this as we plan for the next harvest. It is hardly necessary to say that sections cannot be too neat and clean.—*American Agriculturist for February.*

Cultivating Orchards.

The word cultivating is generally looked on to mean plowing, harrowing, etc., and it is in this sense we use it. A great many cultivate their orchards, and others do not. There is no use in giving land up to weeds. Cultivation enough to keep down the weeds is better than that, or the raising of grain crops or similar ones that will not rob the ground of what should belong to the trees should be. But as to plowing near the trees, we do not advise it. The roots are sure to suffer, the small ones getting cut off by the plow, and these are the most necessary of all to a tree. A good orchardist uses the greatest care in setting out his trees. He digs a hole about five feet square, in which he sets the young tree, and then he fills it with good soil and well-made compost. He never plows his orchards, but applies manure upon the surface. Observation has taught him that that the little rootlets of the apple tree come to the surface of the ground for any nourishment there may be there. He also takes much care to remove from the orchards all windfalls and decayed and imperfect fruit. In one orchard he has kept several calves, who eat the wormy fruit as it falls. Then he looks sharply after the worms, and removes the nests as fast as they appear. His method of trimming is different from most orchardists. He makes the tree grow low, with wide spreading branches, rather than high. The apples are easier picked, and the apples and trees are less liable to injury from high winds.

Pasturing Sheep on Winter Wheat.

The practice of grazing animals on Winter wheat is gaining ground. The fears of injury to the plants at one time prevalent, have proved groundless. In fact the opinion is now generally held that if of any effect at all, it is beneficial to the plants. Some sheep breeders and wool growers practice it regularly, if the wheat is of thrifty growth, and they claim it causes a closer growth of the wheat and sufficiently retards its growth to prevent its lodging before it matures.

In Pennsylvania in the Fall of 1881, there was but little green pasturage of any kind, save the Winter wheat. The grass had been killed out by the drought. Cows and sheep were turned on to the fields, and certainly no injury was perceptible when the crops were ripe. It was quite extensively practiced in Central and Eastern Ohio, last Winter and Spring, and though some fields had been pastured so close as to look almost bare in April, the results, as far as observation extended, were perfectly satisfactory.

The sheep did well with but but very little extra food, and the young timothy fared much better than if the wheat had lodged, and the fields pastured apparently produced as well as those not pastured. The fields in the sections named were pastured until May.

Rye must be sown early for Fall pasture, say about the 1st of August, if sown as early as that, however, it must certainly be pastured. Otherwise it will likely join before Winter.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

Packers' Profits.

A Chicago Board of Trade operator contributes the following to a local paper, concerning the profits of packers:

The bulls on 'Change say provisions must advance because the packers are working at a loss. "'Tis pity if true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." It was always supposed there was something wrong with the packers, they all keep so poor, but the following calculation that one of them inadvertently dropped shows that the bulls will more sympathy than the packers before the "cruel war is over." A 300-lb. live hog at $6.50 per 100 lbs., costs $19.50. In killing and dressing, this hog will shrink 20 per cent., leaving a net weight of 240 lbs., which will cut up into product as follows:

12 per cent. green hams, 30 lbs at 9½c.....	$ 2 49
11 per cent. green shoulders, 33 lbs at 6½c	2 64
15 per cent. lard, 36 lbs. at 10.50c.....	4 64
40 per cent. pork sides, 120 lbs at 7.82c....	9 38
Waste, 6 lbs.....	.....
78 per cent. net, 240 lb.....	$19 50

With pork sides worth 7.82c per lb, packers to-day are making a net profit of $1.35 per hog on their barreled pork, which can be made at the following cost:

120 lbs pork sides at $7.82c.....	$14 85
Barrel, salt and labor.....	1 50
Total cost.....	$16 35
Cash pork worth to-day.....	17 60
Net profit to packers.....	$ 1 25

Southern Market Gardens.

The country round Mobile is developing into a great market-garden country. Through the courtesy of the Mobile & Ohio, a party of 14 horticulturists had a free ride to Mobile. They visited several gardeners, and went away much pleased. The result of their investigation is as follows: The total shipment of vegetables was only 33 car loads. In 1879 60 were shipped; in 1880 129; in 1881 200; in 1882 300, and it is believed that there will be 600 or 700 carloads sent to the North this year. The growers estimate cost of growingan acre of vegetables as $100. The price, after deducting cost of commission, freight, packages, etc., yields $300 per acre, thus giving $200 clear profit. It is remarkable that when the Southerners stop their shipments to the North, they turn right round and begin importing the same kinds of produce. This is because they can raise no crop in the Mid-summer except of Irish potatos. The principal crops are cabbage, sweet potatos, beets, cucumbers, and tomatos, all common staple vegetables requiring no great amount of skill to grow, handle or ship.

Fattening Cattle.

It is generally admitted by stockmen that the profit gained in rearing cattle for the market is rarely ever less than 40 per cent. yearly, and figures have been given to show that 75 per cent. is often realized. And this is the result of feeding cattle from birth to maturity. But it is a well known fact that there is still greater profit in feeding a thin steer costing five cents a pound alive until it is worth seven cents a pound, because there is not only the gain by the increase in weight, let us say 200 to 300 pounds in three months' feeding, at seven cents a pound, but the two cents a pound on a thousand weight of 1,000 pounds or more. This, on the whole, was equivalent to a much greater profit than could be gained from the sale of the crops that are fed.

For Fence Posts.

A writer in an exchange says: "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. I would as soon have poplar, basswood or ash as any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years that were as sound when taken out as when first put in the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents a piece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in filled? Because Stephen was full of faith pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot."

The Use of Oil Cake.

A correspondent of the *Breeders' Gazette* says: I am feeding at present 200 head of cattle with oil cake, and I feed them harvest cattle eight pounds of cake to three quarts of oatmeal and one peck of chaff (I use sheaf oats to cut the chaff) to the steer each day, and they are doing better than any cattle I ever fed. Several of my neighbors are using oil cake. I like the cake much better than the meal. I use a cake-breaker that I got from England last year. I am very sorry they are not manufactured here, as they will be in use a great deal soon.

Broken Levees and Disastrous Storm

Vicksburg, March 7.—The news from all points in this section is unfavorable. Backwater almost entirely surrounds the delta levee, Louisiana, and work will have to be suspended. Ellslie protection levee gave way in a storm at 3 this morning. The main levee broke in three places at 8 A. M. The gap at Station 55 is 30 feet wide; at Station 60, 70 feet wide and three feet deep. One small break was closed; the others are beyond control. The giving away of this levee will cause serious damage to the lower portion of Issaquena County, and will overflow the plantations of Keep, Dunbar, Hunt, Magnolia, Mount Laurel, Wilderness, Wadetown, Harris, Clover Hill and Duncan Ridge. Water is going directly into Steele's bayou. It is feared the storm last night did serious damage to points not reached by waters.

Henry Seybert's Will.

Philadelphia, March 8.—The will of Henry Seybert is made public. Almost the entire estate is left to educational and charitable institutions. Total number of bequests, 79, amounting to $1,000. The largest, $500, to the University of Pennsylvania for the endowment of a chair of mental and moral philosophy and the endowment of a ward in the wing for chronic diseases. These bequests will be paid out of the income of the estate. The residue of the estate, over $1,000,000, is left in trust to establish two similar institutions for the care and education of boys and girls respectively.

Seybert's body was cremated to-day at Washington, Pa.

Sprague Nominated and Married.

Providence, R. I., March 8.—The Citizens' Reform State Convention nominated ex-Gov. Sprague for Governor.

Richmond, Va., March 8. — Ex-Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, was married to-night in Staunton, to Mrs. Dora Inea Calvert, of Greenbrier County, W. Va. There was some difficulty in obtaining a license, neither party being actual residents of Staunton, and the Governor was considerably perplexed for some time before necessary papers were obtained. The bride is a native of Connecticut, but living in West Virginia 14 years. The couple left northward at one to-night.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is just what you want for a Spring medicine—superior to all others.

Murder in a Court Room.

Texarkana, March 8.—A. L. Johnson was shot dead to-day in the Miller County Court house, in the presence of the Judge, jurors, attorneys and over a hundred spectators, by C. E. Dixon, the Sheriff. The trouble was caused by Dixon making war on a gambling institution in which Johnson was silently interested.

The Murder Mystery at Massillon.

Massillon, March 8.—The Coroner's verdict in the case of Hunter, whose mangled body was found in the water tank, charges Hunter's wife, her paramour, her daughter and her father with the murder.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick relief; complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

The Sunday School.

First Quarterly Review.

LESSON 13, SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 1883.

Titles and Golden Texts.

1. THE ASCENDING LORD.

And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up.—Acts 1: 9.

2. THE DESCENDING SPIRIT.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.—Acts 2: 4.

3. THE BELIEVING PEOPLE.

Then they that gladly received his word were baptized.—Acts 2: 41.

4. THE HEALING POWER.

Then shall the lame leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.—Isa. 35:6.

5. THE PRINCE OF LIFE.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.—John 1: 4.

6. NONE OTHER NAME.

Neither was there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4: 12.

7. CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

If God be for us, who can be against us? —Rom. 8: 31.

8. ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord.—Prov. 12: 22.

9. PERSECUTION RENEWED.

We ought to obey God rather than men.—Acts 5: 29.

10. THE SEVEN CHOSEN.

Seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom.—Acts 6:3.

11. THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2: 10.

Hints for the Primary Teacher.

It surely will be easy to recall from the class the events in this quarter's study. Let the children themselves show how each lesson gives proof of the promise given in the first, that of the gift of the Holy Ghost. This is one way to review; another would be to get a connected history of the beginning of the Christian Church from the very time of the ascension of Jesus; also to call out the persons who have been prominent in these lessons. Teachers can select from these plans, or combine them, as may be best for each individual class.

Some of the golden texts are suggestive of the lessons. Such can be recited, and will help to bring back previous teaching.

What was the name of our first lesson! What the first golden text? Where did the two angels say Jesus had been taken? Where had Jesus long before told his disciples he should sit in his glory? About whom was our last lesson? While the people were so angry with his words, where did Stephen look steadfastly? What did he tell them he saw? Was the "Son of man," whom Stephen saw standing by the throne, the one the angels called "this same Jesus," the one the apostles saw rising out of their sight? Where did Jesus tell the apostles to go and wait? All that we have studied about this quarter took place in or near Jerusalem, and some things in or near the temple. What did Jesus tell the apostles should be baptized with? What did the apostles do these ten days while they obeyed and waited? On what day were they all together in one place? What strange sound and sight came suddenly? What is the golden text of that lesson? When the Holy Ghost was given, how did they begin to talk? In all of our lessons we learn what the Holy Spirit helped them to do, how Jesus used them to spread his gospel, and to establish or set up his own Church, the Holy Spirit working in them. The first wonder was their speaking in strange tongues, not only as a wonder, but a way of spreading and sending Christ's gospel to different nations. Who preached a sermon that day. What did he tell the people they must do? He promised, if they would repent, they too should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost! How many were added to the Church on the day of Pentecost? Jesus told his disciples, when they had power from on high, they should do signs and wonders in his name. What was the first miracle of healing? Where! When the people wondered, who preached to them of the Prince of Life? What other name did he call Jesus? What did that man made the lame man strong? After five thousand people had repented and believed, who "laid hands" on the apostles? Where were they put? What promise was fulfilled in Peter and John when they stood before the court the next day? What did Peter say of the name by which the man had been healed? When the priests and elders saw the boldness of Peter and John, how did they "take the knowledge of them?" When they were "threatened and let go," what did all the company do when they joined them? What sign was given that their prayers were heard? With what were they all filled? How many were put in prison next day? What happened in the night? Where were the apostles found in the morning? When before the council, what did Peter say they ought to obey? Every time Peter preached, what did he tell his enemies they had done? How were the poor cared for in the beginning of the Christian Church? When numbers were daily added and then multiplied, what caused some trouble and murmuring? What plan did the apostles have to care for the poor and sick? What kind of men were chosen to be deacons? Of course, he must they be filled? Because Stephen was full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, what did he do among the people? What did false witnesses try to prove against him? How did his face look when before the council? What was done to him? What were his last words? His life and death showed the power of the Holy Spirit. Before Jesus died, for whom he will not leave you comfortless? "I will send the Comforter." That was the Holy Spirit which came in power, and was in and with all his disciples, and all who had repented and believed in Christ. They worked and preached and suffered, and the Holy Spirit helped them to bear all, and to build up the Church of Christ! and when their enemies tried to destroy, they only helped to send out the truth, for those who were "scattered abroad went preaching the word," because Holy Spirit was with them.

Eleven times in these lessons we have in our Scripture verses the name of the Holy Ghost, and in every lesson we have proof of the power of the Spirit. What have we learned which shows the power of sin and Satan? Peter in every sermon, and at each trial, told of the sin of crucifying Jesus, and so did Stephen. We have seen the hatred of courts and councils against Christ and his apostles, but there was one sad story of those who pretended to love and help the Church, with a lie in their hands and on their dying lips. Who! How do you see the power of the Holy Ghost in that lesson? How could Peter see their hearts and know all that the husband and wife had done, and how they were to be punished?

What persons can you name who were enemies to the Church, whose hearts Satan had filled? Who was the young man consenting to Stephen's death who held the clothes of the witnesses? What did he do with praying men and women? Whom did he serve? What persons in these lessons have reminded you of Jesus? How were the apostles bold, they like him? How were the apostles bold, like him?

Many practical questions are suggested to the mind of the teacher as answers are given by the children; some might well be based on the golden texts which have already been mentioned. Thus—What text is a warning against "lying lips?" What verse can give you the Christian courage? What verse tells of the only name whereby we must be saved? Is not this Easter Sunday a glad time to remember that this gospel of Christ is still spreading over all the earth, because Christ our Lord "rose from the dead; ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father."—*Faith Latimer, in S. S. Times.*

STEAMER FOUNDERED,

And Sixty-five Emigrants Reported Drowned—Other Ocean Disasters.

London, March 9.—The steamer Navarre, bound from Copenhagen to Leith, foundered during a gale yesterday. There were 81 persons, mostly emigrants, on board, only 16 of whom were saved.

Owing to a heavy gale the tide in the Clyde is remarkably low. The steamers Devonia, Circassia, Manitoban and several others at one time were aground.

At Hull a fishing fleet suffered seriously by the gale. Eighty vessels of the fleet arrived there in a damaged condition. Twelve of them lost members of their crews. Three vessels foundered. Dispatches with all hands. Similar accounts are received from the Yarmouth fishing fleet.

An Ohio Crank Wants Pay for 7,000,000 Horses.

Washington, March 8.—Among the visitors to the Treasury Department yesterday was a tall, financial crank, who haunted the corridors of the building laboring under the delusion that the Government owed him millions of dollars. At intervals he produced great bundles of figure-covered papers from his pockets and rapidly scanned long rows of closely-written numerals. He hails from Ohio, and said to the chief of one of the divisions that the money was due him for 7,000,000 horses and several thousand tents furnished the Government during the late war. He was finally referred to Col. Maurice Pinchover by one of the watchmen.

G. M. D.

A Medley, a Mystery, a Marvel and a Miracle.

The Story of a Dream.

"Get money, honestly if you can, but get money," was a foolish father's advice to his son. Get money, if you can honestly, makes but a slight alteration in the order of the words, but varies the sentiment considerable. There is no harm in making money. It answereth all things. Used rightly it is a power for good, and there is money enough in the world to form a lever by which the mass of humanity could be lifted, to a certain extent, out of its depths of sorrow and despair. Money we must have, for money makes the mare go. Some can make money who have no faculty for saving. Could you save you must know how to deny those who would borrow and never repay, as well as those who beg simply because they are too lazy to work. There are men who never want to see you except to ask the favor of a loan. They will ask for just one word with you, and that one word is sure to be *money*. An impecunious fellow met a rich acquaintance, and not liking to ask directly for a loan, said, "Friend Smith, if you had ten dollars in your pocket and I was to ask you for the loan of five, how many would remain in your pocket?" "Ten dollars, to be sure," replied the rich man without a moment's hesitation. He had gumption, and knew too much to part with his money by any such rule of subtraction.

O I see, said the impecunious man thus rebuffed. He was able to owe. He was one of the Micawber sort—always waiting for something to turn up. How like some people who are sick. They think to get well by letting disease take care of itself. But diseases do not heal themselves, and too late their victims full often find this out to their sorrow as death seizes upon them. Had they been wise in time they might have added many years to their lease of life. The cure was nigh them, as it is nigh to all who read this medley. These paragraphs tell the story, as a patient must tell it will prove. Those who have keen insight and can read between the lines may solve the conundrum the sooner for it, but upon all light will dawn ere they read the final words of our story.

Light will dawn, we said, and so it will, light of hope and help. Light is what a certain individual wanted. Mr. Jones we will call him. He was very sick. Consumption had fastened its fangs upon him. He had long neglected his health, and laughed at the idea of taking anything for it when advised to do so, and so went from bad to worse. His lungs became diseased, a hacking, churchyard cough racked him almost to pieces, and he was fast wasting away. A mere shadow of his former self, he scarcely slept at all at night, or slept only to dream horrible dreams. Talk of nightmare! A whole circus troup, horses and all, seemed to make his bed the arena of their wild performances. In this case money did not make the mare go, for he suffering friends and neighbors. That night he scarce could sleep, but when he did, he again saw a bright vision of golden letters, in fact, a Glittering Monagram Deciphered readily, and reading G. M. D., and again P. P. P., and yet again F. P., and one huge P. around which those others were entwined, and then W. D. M. A. All the letters blended, yet each was distinct. All he had seen in the book, all he again saw in his vision.

Dream most glorious. D.M.G.—G.M.D.—

Again he rang the changes; backward, forward, every way. Gold Medal Deserved. M. G. D.—Misery's Great Deliverer, till time would fail to tell them all. P. P. P. stood for Perfect Peace Promised for sufferers, and sweet release from Prostrating Purgatorial Pains. And again P. P. P. was Freely Promised, and backward, P. F. it became Pain Flees. Now he could get well, and once well he would be a missionary, a Glad Missionary Devoted to the work of telling others how they might get deliverance. He went through the list of diseases among those of his own acquaintance, from John Robinson, whose torpid liver gave him constant headache and several bilious attacks on through the list of those suffering from fevers, coughs, weak and diseased lungs, to his friend, General B——, who was as near the grave as he. And for all these, as well as for himself, the Grave May Disappear from present vision and each may be Given More Decades of life than they had hoped to have years. Against the milder cases he marked P. P. P. Against the serious cases he marked G. M. D.—not the Grizzly Monster Death, which he so long had dreaded, but something—oh, so much better, as we shall presently see.

In a short while our hero was well, and went everywhere among his friends and neighbors, telling of his good fortune and showing the sick and the suffering how they might be healed. Some laughed and continued to suffer, refusing to be healed. More were wise, took his counsel and proved his vision of the night as he had done.

"A vision, less beguiling far.
Than waking dreams by daylight are."

Can anything be more delightful than health after sickness? To be a well man, to feel pure blood coursing through your veins, to know that lungs, liver, kidneys, and all the Grand Machinery, Does its duty perfectly in one's body; to carry health's ruddy mark on the cheeks. Ah, this is Good Most Decidedly. This was our hero's case, and thousands can tell the same story. The good angel has come to them. They have seen the letters Gleam Most Distinctly before their eyes, and Going Most Definitely to work in pursuing the instruc tions given, they have recovered that great blessing—health. G. M. D. has been to them a channel of good, Good Mysteriously Done, and they have bid their sick friends do what all the sick should do, namely, put themselves in communication with the W. D. M. A., Which Done Most Assuredly will put them in the Way Desired Most Anxiously.

Alas, that human nature is so slow to believe—alas, that men and women are bowed down with the burden of complaints, of which they might be rid,—consumption, bronchitis, dyspepsia, heart disease, kidney disease, malarial complaints, scrofulous diseases, skin diseases, tumors, ulcers and many more. It would seem as though some ill-deity had given every letter of the alphabet as many diseases as it could possible desire, thus forming an alphabet of sorrow, suffering and woe. Happy they who the Great Mystery Discerning, have escaped the clutches of sad diseases.

Looking back upon his past experience, Mr. Jones feels Grateful Most Decidedly, and continues telling the old story of his sickness, his vision, and his restoration to health; for all the sick are not well yet. But he has had the pleasure of seeing, as he says, Good Miraculously Done to hundreds upon his personal recommendation.

Dear reader, bear with us awhile if light has not yet dawned on your mind. The mystery will soon be revealed. If the key be not on your *right* hand it is at least on your *left*, in letters clear as daylight. A Good Many Delighted have discovered it and opened the portal to a long life and a useful one.

Initials of words that stand for all that is sorrowful and sad; letters, the self-same letters, are often initials of words that breathe of hope and benediction.

Search but awhile and you will find the secret soon, the blessing and the benefit. The mystery of the three P's, of the F. P., of the G. M. D., and of the W. D. M. A., Will Dawn Most Auspiciously upon you.

Columbus discovered America and won high honor and immortal fame, and they who have learned the secrets of the wonder before your eyes, good reader, Give Most Delightful testimonials of their gratitude.

Of all sad words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these—it might have been—so sayeth the poet. When we think of the myriads that might have been saved from untimely graves had they seen Mr. Jones' vision and sought his way to health, we feel sad. Yet we cannot but rejoice at the Great Many Delivered from death's door by G. M. D., and that Pain's Positive Persecution has been escaped again and again by P. P. P.

Virtues unnumbered serve to make G. M. D. the Greatest Mercy Deigned by favoring providences for the relief of sufferers, and its discoverer feels P. P. P.—Perfectly Pardonable Pride in telling of the Growing Multitude Delivered from the Grasp Most Dreadful of Greedy Mournful Death.

Every sick person is interested in the theme before us, and every well person, too, for who does not know some one who is sick and needs, therefore, the good news of health that is Given Many Daily.

Reader, mystified reader, we will detain you no longer. Perhaps you have Guessed Most Deity the hidden meaning. P. P. P., you know, stands for Pleasant Purgative Pellets, curing constipation, torpidity of the liver, headache, and many other complaints. F. P., of course, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that has proved such a P. F., Prime Favorite and Precious Friend to ladies; safe, easy to take, working like a charm—curing the peculiar weaknesses incident to their sex. The letters W. D. M. A. stand for the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its imposing structure, its army of medical men, specialists all of them, and its President, Dr. R. V. Pierce (the large and central P of Mr. Jones' sentence), at the head of the service of the sick and suffering, everywhere; while G. M. D. is—well read the initials of the paragraphs of this article and you will see that G. M. D. is Golden Medical Discovery, the boon of the diseased. This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever sores, scaly or rough skin, in short all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, carbuncles, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goiter or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

You will do well if afflicted with any chronic disease to write to the Association for advice, describing your malady as well as you can. Many cases are successfully treated through correspondence and no fees are charged for consultation. For one dollar and a half you can secure a copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," sent, post-paid to your address. Its purchase will repay you. In this is Given More Desirable information than you can find in any other work of a similar nature.

STAR ROUTES.

Congressman Belford as a Witness—He Gets Excited, and is Fined $100 for Contempt, for Which Ingersoll Gives His Check.

Washington, March 7.—The star route trial was resumed this morning. Ingersoll began the case for the defense by calling Hon. Jas. B. Belford, of Colorado, to the witness stand. He said he had represented his State in Congress since it had been admitted to the Union. Had traveled over nearly the whole State and was acquainted with its growth and development. The witness identified his signature to a petition upon one of the Colorado routes. Ingersoll was about to show that Belford had frequently called at the Postoffice Department and sought to have the mail facilities of his state increased, in other words, the influence came from Colorado. Merrick objected, because the proposed inquiry applied to the whole State, instead of a single route. If they went into this evidence the prosecution would call upon Hill to prove that he had been solicited by Belford to co-operate with him in securing an increase of mail service, and that he had declined. Ingersoll insisted that it was proper to show upon what representations and influence increase had been made. The criminal law provided that if any lawful justification could be shown for alleged criminal action it must be assumed to be the motive that led to the action.

They would show that witness called frequently at the department and urged and demanded the increase of mail facilities. The Court said it would allow the defense to show that witness had used his influence with the Department, but it would not go into any question of the general policy of the Department.

The examination was then resumed. Witness said he had called many times (possibly 100 times) on the Postoffice Department, to urge upon the Second Assistant Postmaster-General a multiplication of the mail service. From the magnitude of his business he could not remember a visit in connection with any particular route. Witness was asked by the State what he had said to Brady regarding the needs of Colorado.

The prosecution objected that this was touching upon the policy of the Department. The Court said it was not the policy but the needs of the country now proposed to be shown.

Witness then said he had impressed upon Brady the rapid growth and needs of the State. He instanced the Silverton route, through the San Juan country and Leadville. In this town, several years ago, he had found it impossible to walk down the street, for the mail comprised 120 letters. There were 40,000 or 50,000 people there now. There was Fort Collins. He was there when six houses composed the town. When he was there the other day he could hardly find his way through the town.

"I object," said Merrick. "Is that competent, Your Honor? He is saying that he told Brady that when it only happened the other day."

The objection was sustained, but the Court decided to allow the witness to prove the growth of the country.

Witness then went on to instance many flourishing towns and cities in Colorado that had sprung up within the past few years.

Merrick objected because of the time referred to, but the Court held that it was proper evidence, for it might go to prove that Brady foresaw the future development of the country.

Witness, resuming, said he came to look after the interests of his constituents, to carry out their requests and if they asked him to do the same thing again, he would.

Ingersoll—"Did you ever receive money or a check for money from S. W. Dorsey or any of these defendants in connection with the mail business?"

Merrick—"I object."

The Court (promptly)—"The objection is sustained."

Ingersoll desired to be heard on the subject. Merrick reminded the Court that the entire matter had been recently referred to by the witness (Rerdell) had been stricken out of the record.

Carpenter—"Out of the record, but not out of the press."

Ingersoll called the attention of the Court to what Rerdell had said about the stubs of checks marked "mail." There were four of them. He had sent one to Smith, one to Jones, one to James B. Belford, and one to anybody else, it did not matter whom. Now, if one of them was marked Thomas J. Brady, it would be a material point. Rerdell had said that he saw this check, and that was equally material. If Rerdell had proven that he heard a conversation between Dorsey and Brady, at which Belford was present, would they not be allowed to show that Belford was not present and that the story was false? He had said that Belford got the check. If they could show that this was false would it not tend to prove that his statements about other checks were false. It was certainly material. He wanted to show that no such check had been received by Belford and that Rerdell had sworn falsely.

Ingersoll appealed for an opportunity for Belford to vindicate himself against the charge that Rerdell had made against him. He asked witness if he had ever received any property for use of his influence at the Post Office Department, to secure an increase of the service upon these routes? He thought he had the right to ask these questions to show witness had acted in good faith in seeking the extension of the mail service.

Davidge also said that witness should have an opportunity to vindicate himself.

The Court said the witness could do that by making an affidavit before a Justice of the Peace. The evidence shown that they used fictitious names to conceal the fraudulent entries and the fact that Belford's full name had been used was an argument to show that no fraud had existed in that connection.

Carpenter—"But it was charged to 'mail.'"

The Court replied that the entry might have been made in connection with some of the legitimate mail business. At any rate the Court would not allow the proposed inquiry.

After recess the subject of the missing letter again came up. The prosecution were unable to find the original letter, and a copy was introduced instead, which witness was permitted to read. It was a letter petitioning for increase of one of the Colorado routes, signed by the Chief Justice of the State and many prominent State officials.

The cross-examination was confined to questions concerning the handwriting of the letter that witness said had been written by his clerk, Delavan W. Gee, but had been signed by himself.

Belford was then directed to stand aside. He appeared to be somewhat agitated, took up his hat, walked over to counsel's table, and turning to the Court said, with much feeling: "Your Honor, I wish to ask the indulgence of the Court and courtesy of the bar to make a personal statement in regard to the charge affecting my honor."

Merrick objected.

"Give me the poor privilege," pleaded Belford, "of making a statement."

"This is not a public meeting," replied the Court; "we are trying a case judicially."

"I state before the living God," said Belford, solemnly and indignantly, "that I never saw such a check."

Then, turning on his heel, Belford started from the court-room, but was recalled by the commanding voice of the Judge, who exclaimed angrily: "Come here, sir! Bring Mr. Belford here!"

Belford having returned, the Court inquired what he had said, and Belford repeated it with emphasis.

"This is a contempt of Court," exclaimed His Honor, "and the Court imposes a fine of $100, and you stand committed until it is paid."

"I will pay $500," retorted Mr. Belford, defiantly, "but no man shall stab my character."

"This is a degree of impertinence and insolence which the Court will not permit to take place in its presence," indignantly exclaimed His Honor.

Carpenter inquired whether the Court had jurisdiction to impose a fine without issuing a rule to show cause. "Certainly it has," replied the Court. "It is a disorder which the Court can take notice of immediately."

Ingersoll spoke in extenuation and Merrick spoke against the conduct of Belford. Davidge appealed to the Court to reconsider it and remit the fine. The Court said that Belford had occupied a place of conspicuence before the country for many years. (Belford arose but the Court bade him be seated, saying he was not addressing him). The Court proceeded to review Rerdell's testimony upon the point in question, and said Belford could not but know that the proposed explanation could not be allowed. There was nothing wrong in his request, but after it had been denied it was a gross violation of the authority of the Court to persist in delivering himself as he had done. The Court therefore declined to remit the fine.

Ingersoll—"Will the Court accept my check for the amount?"

The Court—"Oh, certainly."

Ingersoll turned to Belford and said, "You can go I believe."

The gentleman immediately availed himself of the privilege.

Sec. Teller was then called to the stand. He testified that while in the Senate he had frequently called upon Brady to secure an increase or expedition of mail routes in Colorado; never went except to further petitions, of which he received a large number. He represented to Brady that the people of Leadville (Colorado) were mostly settlers from the East, people peculiarly desirous of communicating with their friends. He had insisted that it was the duty of the Government to furnish these people adequate mail facilities. He had complained frequently

News of the Week

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

J. B. Green, author of "History of the English People," is dead.

The Prince of Wales has been created Field Marshal of the German Empire.

The city elections in Iowa Monday were generally non-partisan, and turned on local issues.

The whole amount collected in Cincinnati for the flood sufferers in Germany was $28,-441.14.

The Maine Senate—15 to 9—passed the bill making the punishment for murder death.

Sexton beat Vignaux and Vignaux defeated Daly in the exhibition games in New York.

William Bennerfield, the most notorious revenue offender in Alabama, has been captured.

California crop reports are more favorable than anticipated from the dryness of the season.

More than 20,000 people visited the Senate Chamber yesterday to view the remains of Gov. Stephens.

The situation at the rolling mills at Springfield, Ill., since the strike last Monday has not improved.

Father Bernard, the business head of the Trappist Monastery, near Dubuque, Ia., is dead, at the age of 70.

Near Canton, O., a premature explosion in a coal mine fatally injured Justine Terel and Louis Langley, miners.

Ex-Congressman Neal, of Ohio, is an applicant for the United States Treasurership, to succeed Mr. Gilfillan.

Ida H. Hosmer, three feet, and Robert H. Huzza, three feet six, were married on the stage of the Brooklyn Museum.

The ring leaders in the recent revolt at Sing Sing have been sent to Auburn, where the discipline is more severe.

At Elizabethtown, N. Y., Henry D. Debomis, convicted of the murder of his wife, was sentenced to be hanged April 27.

John Marcus, a former resident of Cincinnati, is reported to have swindled confiding merchants in New York out of $14,-000.

The Bank of England paid out yesterday $1,500,000 in gold for shipment to the United States, making $2,000,000 in three days.

The trial of the Socialists at Prague has been adjourned, because the testimony implicated other persons as guilty of high treason.

The State offices in Vermont will be closed and the Capital flag at half mast the day of the funeral of Gov. Stephens, of Georgia.

Lucinda Balcone, aged 58 years, burned to death at Wilmot, O. While smoking a pipe the sparks fell on her clothes, setting them ablaze.

In 1882 the number of emigrants for America through Stettin, Hamburg, Bremen and Antwerp was 193,687, against 210,547 in 1881.

The Town Marshal of Rising Fawn, Ga., shot a negro named Banks, and soon afterwards a negro named Hanks killed another named Simpkins.

The President has signed and sent to Hon. Emory Speer his commission as United States District Attorney for the Northern District of Georgia.

The Kansas Legislature has adjourned sine die. It refused to submit to popular vote a proposition for the repeal of the Prohibition amendment.

The Directors of the Union Pacific Railroad declared a dividend of 1¾ per cent., payable April 2. The transfer books close March 15, and re-open April 2.

The President decided not to appoint a chief examiner for the Civil Service Commission, but to let the Commission appoint one at its convenience.

Chas. Reed does not get $3,000 for defending Guiteau. The Senate inserted such a provision in the Sundry Civil bill, but it was stricken out in the Conference Committee.

Mrs. Parnell, the mother of the great Irish agitator, does not believe that the British Government has captured the murderers of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke.

During 1882 there was paid in Minnesota as insurance on property destroyed by fire $1,349,965.53. During the same time there was paid in as premiums on insurance $1,951,165.41.

Major W. O. Tolford, agent for the State of Ohio in the collection of war claims from the General Government, secured in the last deficiency appropriation bill nearly $71,000 for his State.

In New Orleans, W. J. French, a veterinary surgeon, attempting to collect a bill from Thomas McMahon, received a kick from McMahon and died soon after. McMahon was bailed.

The charge in the recent message of Gov. Pattison to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, that the Standard Oil Company has been guilty of bribery, will be investigated by a joint legislative committee.

Fire at Manistee, Mich, destroyed Leyman Bros'. double store and two or three small adjoining buildings. Nothing saved. Reynolds Bros. lose $45,000; insured for $25,000; other losses $6,000.

Noah D. Smith, Deputy Surveyor of Customs at Memphis, who plead guilty to the charge of embezzling $1,000 of Government funds, has been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary at Chester, Ills.

Ex-Sen. David Davis, late presiding officer of the Senate, was presented with a solid silver water pitcher and goblets as a token of respect and esteem by clerks in the office of the Secretary of the Senate.

The great flour mills of Minneapolis and the State are now producing only about one third of their capacity. The number now running will be shut down this week, because of the scarcity and high price of wheat.

At a meeting of the creditors of the insolvent grocery house of William Allen & Co., Chicago, a compromise of 50 cents on the dollar was accepted, subject to a verification of the firm's statement by a Committee.

Nelson was billed for a concert in St. James' Hall, Buffalo, but as only $1,500 was received, and as the expenses are $2,000 per day, Manager Abbey telegraphed to cancel the engagement and start the company to Toronto.

A telegram from Roseville says that Dr. Randall, the missing physician, was seen at Mansfield, O., Saturday. It is thought he joined his wife, as a lady friend left the day before he did, and probably joined him and went West.

At Somerset, Ky., Peter Goff, Henry Thompson and James Spinney quarreled over Goff's wife. Thompson made a remark which incensed Goff, who shot Thompson dead, and was threatening Spinney, when the latter shot Goff, killing him instantly.

Sec. Folger has published a statement that he had said it would be a long while before any more bonds would be called. He says he has expressly refrained from talking on the subject of bonds, and has certainly not intimated that no call would be made for some time.

A correspondent at St. Petersburg says a number of important arrests were made in Moscow and other cities, due to the extra vigilance of the police, owing to the near approach of the coronation of the Czar. There is no reason to believe there is any special plotting to prevent the coronation.

Custave F. Perrimond and Geo. D. Bayard, New York liquor merchants, who plead guilty to using tax paid stamps taken from whisky barrels, and who now ask to withdraw the plea and ask for a new trial, offer $30,000 cash in compromise. The United States District Attorney advises against a compromise.

The trade between Germany and Italy is growing so fast that the St. Gothard Railroad is running extra trains. The increase is mostly coal and iron, in which England hitherto had a practical monopoly in Italy. Smuggling increases more rapidly than trade, and is conducted by a gang of Swiss and Italians, who are aided in their operations by trained dogs.

At Raleigh, N. C., five of the buildings of St. Augustin's Normal School for colored students, under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, burned. Loss about $30,000; insured for $8,000. One hundred and twenty-five students were in attendance, 80 being boarders. Arrangements are made to carry on the exercises of the school. No persons injured. The work of rebuilding will shortly begin.

It is estimated by the Sixth Auditor of the Treasury Department that the increased work imposed upon his office by the recent postal legislation is sufficient in amount to five constant employment to above 40 additional clerks. Twenty-two more clerks will be needed to do the work arising from the new money order system alone. With the present force the work cannot possibly be done in a proper manner.

A private letter from Harrison Gray states that his sister, Miss Clinton A. Gray, is at this point of death in Louisiana, from injuries received in escaping from the sinking steamer Yazoo Sunday morning. Mr. Gray with his sister and Miss Gertie Scott jumped from the sinking steamer into the river, Mr. Gray swam ashore with them. The Grays are well known at St. Louis and Chicago.

$1,000 to Cincinnati for the relief of flood sufferers, and Mr. Gray gave $1,000 to Louisville.

Lord Sherborne is dead.

Coumourdouros, well-known Greek statesman, is dead.

The Reading Hardware Company increased moulders' wages 10 per cent.

A cremation society, with a capital of $100,000, is to be formed in Chicago.

The Nova Scotian Assembly has passed a bill abolishing imprisonment for debt.

Twelve new life-saving stations will be established this season—four of them on the lakes.

A Dutch fishing smack has landed at South Holland with four sailors and six passengers of the steamer Navarre.

At Dunneville, Ont., Jack Hynes, a German, quarrelled with his wife about a deed, shot her fatally and fled.

The boiler of a freight engine exploded near Rochelle, Ill., killing the engineer and fatally injuring the fireman.

A. E. Kent, of San Francisco, class of '53, has given Yale College $60,000 to be used in erecting a chemical laboratory.

At Hunnewell, Kas., Robert V. Dodd, an extensive cattle dealer, was shot dead during a quarrel with an unknown person.

Indian Inspector Pollock has tendered his resignation, to take effect the 31st inst. Sec. Teller has already selected his successor.

The second attempt to launch the big iron steamer Mariposa was unsuccessful. She is intended for the San Francisco and Honolulu trade.

Gov. Grant, of Colorado, authorizes the statement that he will veto the bill passed by the last Legislature taxing the net output of mines.

At Appleton, Wis., the building occupied by Conkey & Briggs, insurance agents, and several small shopkeepers, was destroyed by fire. Loss, $1,500; insured.

The Vermont Farm Machine Company's shops, at Bellows Falls, burned. Loss on building, $15,000; no insurance; other losses, $75,000; insurance, $35,000.

The allegation is made at Chicago by competing shippers and lines that David Dows & Co. have been given special rates on grain over the Erie road.

At Philadelphia the heirs of Henry Seybert have begun to contest his will, bequeathing nearly his entire estate, over one million, to public charities.

A class of 102 graduated from the Medical College of Ohio Thursday evening. Five of the gold medals were won by Wm. B. Percival, of Covington, Ky.

Mr. Dorman B. Eaton thinks that under the new civil service reform rules a good deal of lee-way will be allowed heads of bureaus in the matter of promotion.

Miss Mary Blake, deceased, at Boston, left Tefft's College $10,000. A committee was appointed to consider the expediency of opening the college to women.

Saturday at Highland Postoffice, O., Benjamin Cochran stabbed Thomas H. Rawlinson. Cochran escaped. Rawlinson died Tuesday from the result of the wound.

The Trades Unions of Albany, Troy and Cohoes, N. Y., united in a demonstration Tuesday night against contract labor in the State prisons. Three thousand men paraded.

At New Brunswick, N. J., ex-Sheriff Peter A. Voorhees and his brother Abraham, were killed while crossing the Central Railroad in a wagon. Two others were seriously injured.

Mr. John Ford, late editor-in-chief of the New York Times, has secured a controlling interest in the Brooklyn Union-Argus, which will be continued as a Republican journal.

F. H. Pitt, Secretary of the Peninsular Mutual Benefit Association of Flint, Michigan, is charged with making assessments upon members on account of fictitious deaths.

The greater portion of Pawneetown is now out of the water, and trains are running again. Many houses that weathered the flood are now falling, total or partial wrecks.

Daniel Woods, of Indianapolis, is dead at the age of 106 years. He served in the English army under the Iron Duke, was at Waterloo, and accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena.

The blooming and plate mills at the Springfield, Ill., Iron Company's works have been started with non-union men. But few men are employed in these departments. The other departments of the rolling mills are still closed.

A statement containing receipts and expenditures of the Postoffice Department for the third quarter of the calendar year, ended September 30, 1882, shows receipts $10,544,952; expenditures, $10,188,092; surplus, $356,863.

Joseph T. Ryerson, a prominent and wealthy business man and old citizen of Chicago, died suddenly Friday. He had been an active merchant for 50 years, and was the first man to engage in the iron business in Chicago.

At Montgomery, Ala., M. T. Roy, bookkeeper and assistant cashier of the Merchants & Planters' Bank, killed himself. Curtis, National Bank examiner, finds the money short $10,000. Roy's bondsmen are amply able to pay the loss.

The inquest on the body of Jim Elliott, the pugilist, which has been postponed twice on account of the reported illness of Jerry Dunn, who killed Elliott, was held yesterday and Dunn was held without bail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

A broken axle caused the wrecking of an accommodation train, near Pleasant Point, on the Cincinnati, Van Wert and Michigan Railroad. Three hundred yards of track were torn up. A coach and baggage car were ditched. No passengers seriously hurt.

The Treasury Department is in receipt of all sorts of inquiries in regard to the proper construction of certain provisions of the new Tariff bill. It is stated upon authority that none of these tariff questions will be passed upon by the Department until the new law goes into effect.

Sec. Folger has directed N. W. Bingham and C. H. Chamberlin, special agents, to proceed to San Francisco and Portland, for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of the whole subject of sugar imported free of duty under the Hawaiian treaty.

It was said at the Executive Mansion, in response to inquiries, that the President had not ordered a court-martial to investigate the conduct of Gen. Hazen, Chief Signal Officer, and that no representations on the subject had been made to the President by the War Department.

The Davenport (Iowa) City Council, after a long and animated discussion, fixed the annual license for the retailing of ale, wine and beer at $200, payable semi-annually. The license for several years has been $50 yearly, payable quarterly. There are 176 saloons in that city.

A secret meeting of about 150 owners of lumber mills in the Northwest was held at Chicago, Thursday, for the purpose of forming an association, limiting the production, fixing rates etc. It is understood the only action was the appointment of a committee on organization and production.

The Secretary of the Interior has decided a case involving a claim of the State of California to a tract of land of about 100,000 acres lying within the borders of Lake Tulare. The decision approves the Creighton survey and awards the lands to the State of California, under the swamp land grant act of September 28, 1850.

Hon. Seth Crews, a member of the Illinois Legislature, from Jefferson County, Ill., was arrested at Springfield on a warrant from St. Clair County, where he was indicted Wednesday for obtaining money on fraudulent securities. Crew asserts that the indictment was instigated by malice for the purpose of extorting money.

The Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis Directors re-elected Gen. J. H. Devereux President, Stevenson Burke Vice President, George H. Russell Secretary and Treasurer, E. R. Thomas General Manager and other officials. The Indianapolis & St. Louis Directors re-elected the old officers—Gen. Devereux, President; Judge Burke, Vice President; E. B. Thomas, General Manager.

About $12,000 worth of property which was stolen from J. C. Klaholt's jewelry store, at Springfield, Ill., recently, has been recovered. The goods, which comprise all except some diamonds, were discovered by some boys buried in an unused graveyard within the city limits. The diamonds stolen were valued at from $3,000 to $5,000, and have not yet been found.

The President appointed Nathaniel P. Banks United States Marshal, Boston. His present term of office will expire on Monday next. The President also appointed Joseph H. McGee United States Marshal for the Western District of Missouri, vice C. C. Allen, resigned, and John T. Hull, Receiver of Public Moneys, at Jackson, Minn., vice A. N. Kimball, suspended.

The work on the Washington monument will begin the first of April. In the meantime the stone cutters are at work cutting blocks of marble, so that no delay will be necessary when the work commences. The completion of the structure will require two seasons yet, as 250 feet will have to be added. The block recently presented by the King of Siam is expected in a few days.

It is understood at the State Department that further proceedings against Mr. P. J. Sheridan, charged by the British Government with complicity in the Phœnix Park murder, have been abandoned by the British Minister under instructions from his Government, on the ground that the witness necessary to show Sheridan's complicity cannot be sent to the United States without expense and great inconvenience.

THE SERVANTS OF THE PERIOD.

MARY ANN.—I wish this afternoon out, Madam, to attend the funeral of my Cousin.
MISTRESS.—Certainly, but you will finish your work after you return in the evening.
MARY ANN.—What! Work in the evening! If you require that, Madam, I shall forego the pleasure of the funeral. (Mary Ann flounces out in a rage.)

THE CRIMES ACT.

Correspondence Between Minister Lowell and the Secretary of State.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—In the diplomatic correspondence of the year 1882, transmitted to Congress, are two letters written by Minister Lowell and Sec. Frelinghuysen in regard to Irish affairs. Following are extracts:

LONDON, July 14, 1882.—SIR:—I have the honor to enclose two copies of the Crimes (Ireland) Act, which has just received royal assent. It is the revival of the alien act which alone directly concern our relations with this Government. Questions are likely to arise under it which will need to be treated with extreme delicacy and discretion. It will be rather to the personal application of the act than to its principle that objection will be, and I should be glad to be armed beforehand with the opinion of the President as to what my general line of action should be under these new circumstances. There must be a great number of naturalized American citizens in Ireland, besides those that have rendered themselves obnoxious to local authorities, and the alien clauses of the act may very probably strengthen the temptations of a private enemy to bring false accusations, as it undoubtedly increases opportunity for them. I have every reason to believe that under the present Government, the act will be applied with caution and discrimination; but change of ministry may take place at any moment. In any event, however, I think myself safe in predicting that the provision of the act will be brought to bear only in cases of men who have made or may make themselves particularly prominent by incitement to disorder or defiance of authority. I have, etc., J. R. LOWELL.

Frelinghuysen to Lowell, under date of Sept. 22, 1882:

The President cannot contemplate the enforcement of the measure on mere suspicion against American citizens without fears of its having an unhappy influence upon the good feeling which exists between the two great Nations of common origin and common language. I need scarcely add that the Government has no sympathy with the motives or methods of the class of indiscreet individuals, insignificant in number in this country, whose ill-directed zeal can neither serve the cause of Ireland nor reflect credit on the country of their adoption. The lawabiding and peaceable American citizens of Irish birth should not be expected to suffer on their account. The President, looking only to the interests of American citizens, has deemed proper these suggestions should be transmitted to you, in view of any future contingencies. It would be difficult, in the absence of any actual cause, to give you any more specific instructions. Much must be left to your own judgment. Cases may arise when it will be necessary for you to act at once, without consulting the Department. In such cases the President trusts to your discretion.

WIGGINS' WAVE.

He Claims His Predictions Have Been Fulfilled to the Letter.

OTTAWA, March 12.—Prof. Wiggins claims his prophecy was literally fulfilled, as the highest tidal wave ever known was reported at Halifax, and telegrams from all parts indicate a severe tempest. He says he has always entertained the greatest anxiety for the safety of the people on the shores of the Bay of Bengal and the Gulf of Mexico. In the former, the major tidal wave, of which the minor one on our coast was a reflection, must have occurred on the afternoon of the 10th, London time, hundreds of thousands of lives perishing. He expressed great fear for the safety of the City of Chester, and characterized this storm as the greatest that can possibly occur on this planet, and the greatness of its extent is the only hope of safety in any particular quarter.

He makes a sly dash at the Canadian and United States authorities for not hoisting their storm signals until after the storm was actually beginning upon the continent. Some people, he said, expected an impossible storm, yesterday, but he had repeatedly said his object in making the prediction was for the safety of mariners, as no danger could possibly occur on land, except in the vicinity of the places named as being exposed to the tidal wave, but the people liked to be frightened and clung to their own interpretation, in preference to his.

When Bank Taxes Become Due and Payable Under the New Tariff Law.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—With respect to the question that has arisen as to the date on which taxes on bank capital and deposits become "due and payable" within the meaning of the new tariff law, Sen. Sherman is quoted as saying:

"The bill repeals all taxes named from the date on which they were last due and payable. The law prescribes semi-annual periods for their collection, and the fact that the bill passed in March does not mean that taxes are to be collected for January and February. That could not be done. All taxes, however, which were due on January 1, and which have not been paid, must be collected.

The Senator was a member of the Conference Committee which shaped the bill, and his statement in this connection carries with it considerable weight.

The amount involved is nearly $1,000,000. According to last year's finance report the amount of semi-annual duty collected during the year from national banks on account of deposits and capital was $6,000,711. The taxes for January and February of this year would be about one-sixth of this sum, and if Sen. Sherman's opinion stands there will be a saving of that amount to the banks.

Ex-Congressman Arrested.

BUTLER, Pa., March 12.—Col. John M. Thompson, ex-Congressman, has been arrested on a charge of forgery to the extent of $40 to $4,000. The arrest occasioned great excitement, but the general opinion prevails that the charge cannot be sustained. Col. Thompson gave bail for his appearance in Court.

A Terrible Death.

ERIE, Pa., March 8.—Last evening Mary Brosnahan, a young girl of this City, was horribly scalded by a cauldron of boiling water falling upon her. Her ignorant parents, neglecting to call a physician, commenced to rub the parboiled body with oil from their kerosene lamp. This morning, when they removed her clothes, the flesh came away from the bones and she died in horrible agony.

Judge White Dead.

COLUMBUS, March 13.—Chief Justice William White, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and recently appointed United States District Judge for the Southern District of Ohio, died at his home in Springfield last night.

Mardi Gras and Its Doings in New Orleans.

New Orleans, in its Spring verdure clad, witnessed its second successful Mardi Gras of dissipation. Never was there a Mardi Gras so beautifully observed or largely attended since the days of its first introduction. A few days after, on the 27th of February, another incident occurred, one now not unusual, however. Over $25,000 were scattered over the world in prizes of every kind by the only Distribution of The Louisiana State Lottery, under the sole management of Gens G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, and Jubal A. Early, of Virginia. Ticket No. 57,262, sold in fifths at $1 each, drew the first capital, $30,000—Charles Bigney, of Mobile, Ala., and another, another to a well-known merchant in Louisville, Ky. The second capital ($20,000) was won by 61,988, which sold for $1 each, and $20,000 was collected through the First National Bank of Cincinnati, O. The third capital ($10,000) was drawn by 25,651, one-fifth of which, $2,000, was sold at the Surgeon General's (U. S. Army) Office, Washington, D. C.; another to L. B. Davis, No. 224 Washington street, New Orleans, La., and other fifths to Mrs. Cook, No. 158 Tenth street, N. W. Washington, D. C.; and another to F. Lucey, 52 Burgundy street, New Orleans, La. Five hundred dollars and 25 cents, collected through the fourth prizes, and they went to Henry Hotel, collected through Messrs. Sessongood, Sons & Co., of Cincinnati; another was collected through the Nodaway Valley Bank of Maryville, Mo.; G. Zeiss, of Philadelphia, was another. Tickets Nos. 6,003, 27,654, 49,898, 51,403, 53,854 each drew $2,000—sold to parties living in New York, New Orleans, Washington, D. C., Huntsville, Ala., Allegheny, Pa., Omaha, Neb., Prescott, Ark., and Toronto, Canada. Many parties dislike their surnames published, hence they are omitted. Next opportunity will be on Tuesday, April 10, of which any one applying to M. A. Dhuphiu, New Orleans La., will be fully informed.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Pres. Arthur and Sec. Folger Sick—The New Tariff Act Mailed—The Charges Against Hill—General News.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—The President is still indisposed, and to-day refused to see all friends. He has been suffering for some time from catarrhal affections, and is considerably annoyed at its tenacity. He will probably take a trip to Fortress Monroe towards the end of the present week.

The Attorney General has given an opinion to the President that the Chief Examiner under the Civil Service Commission is an officer of the United States and as such his appointment is vested in the President. The question of the selection of a Chief Examiner has, however, been referred to the Commission and the appointment is to be based upon their recommendation.

The Treasury Department to-day mailed copies of the new tariff act to all Collectors of Customs, together with instructions that sections 7 and 9 of the act were to go into effect at once and apply to all goods in bonded warehouses as well as to goods imported after the date of the passage of the act. Section 7 repeals duties on charges heretofore added in ascertaining dutiable value of merchandise for the purpose of the assessment of duties. This action will cause a considerable reduction in the amount of duties collected, which reduction is estimated by some at 5 per cent. of the entire amount collected. Section 9 of the Tariff changes the manner of ascertaining the value of merchandise consigned by manufacturers in foreign countries to agents in the United States and for which there is no foreign market value, for the reason that the goods are specially manufactured for sale in the United States only. The law authorizes the appraising officer to ascertain the cost and value of the material composing the merchandise at the time and place of manufacture, together with the expense of manufacturing, preparing and putting up the merchandise for shipment, and makes the value so ascertained a basis for the assessment of duties.

The charges against Supervising Architect Hill are made by Murch, of Maine. They cover over 20 pages of legal cap paper written with a type-writer. Before Congress adjourned Murch read charges, which he subsequently filed, to a number of persons about the Capitol. The charge is that the system of paying for cutting stone adopted by the Supervising Architect is extravagant. Murch, it is understood, has made such complaints before, but never in the shape of formulated charges. Supervising Architect Hill says it is J. G. Mills who is said to be pressing the charges against him (Hill), not A. G. Mills, formerly chief clerk of the Architect's office, as heretofore published.

Senator Don Cameron had a successful surgical operation performed Saturday.

The Chippewa Indians of Minnesota had an interview with the Secretary of the Interior to-day, and complained of trespass on their timber lands.

The President to-day appointed Morris Friedsam collector of internal revenue for the Fifth Collection District of New York, vice Miles Beecher, resigned.

J. D. Dodge, statistician of the Agricultural Department, says no report of damage to growing wheat has been received by him. He says future disasters alone can injure the crop.

Lieut. Robert M. Berry, who commanded the ill fated relief steamer Rodgers, on her cruise to the Arctic ocean, was ordered here by Sec. Chandler a few days ago, from New York, where he is attached to the school ship St. Mary. He is here for the purpose of advising in the selection of a list of articles to be sent to the Tchoutcher Indians, in the vicinity of Lawrence Bay, as a reward for their assistance to the crew of the Rodgers. The list has been completed. The articles will be sent on the revenue steamer Corwin, which will sail from San Francisco for Alaska the latter part of April or the first of May. Ensign George M. Storey will be ordered to take charge of the goods and will take passage on the Corwin. Lieut. Berry has been offered an opportunity to accept a mission under the Belgian Government to go to the western coast of Africa in the neighborhood of the Congo river, for the purpose of attempting to civilize and colonize the natives.

BLAINE'S STATEMENT

Regarding the Attempted Assassination—Very Little Foundation for the Story.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Mr. Blaine was called upon to-day for the purpose of ascertaining what foundation there was for the report current at a late hour last night that a pistol was fired through the carriage in which he and Rep. McKinley were riding one evening last week. Mr. Blaine said: "On Thursday evening last week Mr. McKinley and I rode from the Capitol to the Ebbitt House in the same carriage; from the Ebbitt House, where I stopped a few minutes, I rode home alone; I dismissed the carriage as soon as I ascertained that none of the family were out and to be sent out. The next day about noon I heard that one of the large panes of glass in the carriage had been broken, and that fragments of glass were scattered profusely over the seat on which McKinley and I had been sitting. A few hours after I heard of it, I inquired of McKinley whether he noticed any noise or breakage during our ride, and he said not the slightest. He reminded me that the windows of both doors in the carriage were closed before we left the Capital, the air being quite sharp. He remembered this very distinctly, as I did also, for he threw his cigar away with the remark he would not smoke in a close carriage. Of course a pistol ball fired into the carriage must have gone through it or have been found. It did not go through, and no ball has been found. In my judgment the hole was never made by a pistol ball. It more resembles the crash from a stone hurled violently."

Blaine further said he attached no importance or significance whatever to the broken carriage window, and regretted any notice had been taken of it.

THE NAVARRE.

Further Particulars of the Ocean Disaster—The Captain Drunk and Cowardly.

LONDON, March 9.—Survivors give the following account of the loss of the steamer: Tuesday, when 200 miles from Chrisanand, the Navarre was struck by a heavy sea. The cargo shifted, and Wednesday the forehold filled, when a fishing smack approached the Navarre and 10 men took a boat and went aboard the smack, letting the small boat go adrift. The smack sailed around the sinking steamer, but having no boat was unable to render assistance. The emigrants in the cabins were clinging to the rigging and the sea was washing over them. In a short time another smack arrived. Fifteen of the Navarre's men endeavored to reach her in another boat, but it swamped and all were drowned. A steamer arrived only in time to rescue six persons struggling in the water, as the Navarre was foundering.

Mannall, who, for three-quarters of an hour, was clinging to a piece of timber, states the Navarre's pumps were found to be useless. All on board baled the vessel as much as they could. The Captain seemed stupefied. He was hurt Tuesday, and from that time until the vessel sank drank to keep up his spirits.

The survivors states there were only five cork jackets on board the Navarre. Mannall says a large boat which the sailors took away without attempting to rescue any one on board would have held more persons than were in her.

Twenty-five persons on board the Navarre when she sank made no effort to save themselves. Mannall charges the Captain with cowardice, and says many more might have been saved.

OHIO RIVER FLOODS.

Report of the Relief Committee—Starvation, Sickness and Death.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 12.—The committee in charge of supplies for sufferers on the Ohio River south of Evansville returned Saturday. They report great suffering and sickness at nearly all river Towns.

At New Franklin, Ind., a Village of 120 inhabitants, 30 are destitute, and 15 sick; two deaths, disease, pneumonia.

At Uniontown, Ky., in a population of 1,500, nearly everybody suffered; 50 destitute.

In Shawneetown, Ill., 1,500 people are destitute, depending on the public for provisions and medicines; 24 have died from pneumonia, catarrhal fever and dysentery. The latter disease has almost reached an epidemic. About 125 houses have been swept away or damaged. At least 700 persons are liable to disease.

At Caseyville, Ill., no relief has been furnished. There were 45 cases of sickness, mostly typhoid fever; one death. One hundred houses had been under water, half of them ruined.

Rose Clair, Ill., had been entirely covered by water. The committee found a family of 10 persons, the father and mother sick, living in an engine room of an old saw mill.

New Liberty, Ill., had been entirely submerged, and sickness prevailed to an alarming extent. This information is obtained from reputable physicians and reports of the Board of Trade Relief Committee of this City sent to the districts.

ELLIOTT'S FUNERAL.

One Hundred and Fifty Coaches Filled With Roughs and Thieves.

NEW YOK, March 11.—There were two notable funerals in the city to-day. Both were of the lowest order and well attended by the roughest of the rough element. One took place from the late home on Twenty-ninth Street and was that of the strangled young murderer, Michael E. McGloin. The other was that of "poor Jimmy Elliott." On the second floor lay the body of the dead pugilist in a cloth covered oaken casket, surrounded by flowers. Over it hung the mourning trimmings that hung over the entry of Cornelius K. Vanderbilt, when that scion of the millionaire lay dead in a fashionable hotel in Fifth Avenue. Among the pall bearers were "Jack" Stiles, Elliott's friend and backer, Charles Johnson, Jimmy McGlynn, ex-Alderman, Jimmy Dunne, "Red" Leary, "Shang" Draper, Chief Magin, of the Philadelphia police, and Matt Grace. Following the hearse were about 150 coaches. At the Seventh street ferry to Williamsburg four ferry boats made two trips each to transfer the crowd. In the procession were James Lewis, San Francisco; "Abe" Coakley, Daniel Dwyer, Boston; George Rooke, Frank White, Sam. Collyer, Mike Cleory, Prof. Wm. Clark, Billy McGlory, Fred Krohn, Owney Geoghegan, Patrick Noonan, Baltimore; Geo. Morris, Chicago, and Gus. Bentz, Cincinnati. Every well-known thief in the city was present. A large force of police preserved order.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Eleven Miners Perish in a Lodging House—Four More Seriously Injured.

DEADWOOD, March 11.—Hood & Scott's lodging shell at Brownsville Wood camp was burned to the ground last night, and Thos. Finless, R. C. Wright, Lewis Harson, Peter Harson, A. Tencliffe, Harvey Wood, W. H. Andrews, Chas. Hammontree, Fred. D. Perkins and Samuel Hayes were burned to death. Four others whose names are not learned were seriously injured.

The building was one-story, with a loft where the men slept, accessible by a ladder, and usually occupied by 30 lodgers, but last night only 15 were in the house. There was one window in the loft, but only four (badly burned) were saved by jumping. Two of these must have their legs amputated. The fire is supposed to have originated from kindling left near the stove on which coals fell.

Mr. Peters slept on the ground floor within five feet of the door, but the flames spread so rapidly that he could not escape. The bodies of the 11 victims were charred beyond recognition.

The McGarrahan Claim Reopened.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The Secretary of the Interior, upon application of Gen. Eppa Hunter and Col. M. L. Wood, counsel for Wm. McGarrahan, has directed the Commissioner of the General Land Office to certify to him the proceedings in the application of the New Idria Mining Company to enter three parcels of land, of 20 acres each, within the limits of the Rancho Panoche Grande in the State of California, known as the McGarrahan claim, with an order to suspend further proceedings until the matter shall be passed upon by the Secretary. The Commissioner had dismissed the appeal taken by McGarrahan, but this action of the Secretary, under the rules of the Department, brings up the whole case for review by the Secretary on its merits.

Eagan's Flight.

NEW YORK, March 12.—Sheridan says: "The statement that Egan fled from justice is untrue. He has gone to the continent to collect evidence for my defense. I will take him a week to finish his business in Paris in my behalf. I am confident that he will return to Dublin. Egan's alleged letters to Cary may exist, but they have been misinterpreted."

Judge Wylie's Way.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—In the Star Route trial to-day, the Court showed much annoyance at attempts on the part of the defense to argue upon the admissibility of a certain class of papers, after the Court had ruled him out, and peremptorily ordered Henkle to be seated. That gentleman promptly noted exception to the language of the Court, to which Judge Wylie rejoined, sharply: "The Court will use any language that will be effective for the purpose and will not stop at language either."

A LUCKY MERCHANT.

The Winner of One-Fifth of the Capital Prize of the Louisiana State Lottery Turns Out to be a Main Street Man.

Big lottery prizes are not drawn every day in Louisville, and it has been some years since the lucky man has appeared at this city. Consequently the announcement, about two weeks since, that part of the capital prize of $75,000, drawn February 13, in the Louisiana State Lottery, had fallen to a Louisville man, or a party of Louisvillians, created a good deal of gossip, and speculation has ever since been rife as to who they were. The Louisiana State Lottery draws monthly, and the first prize is $75,000. The price of whole tickets is $5. but one can buy a one-fifth part of a ticket if he chooses, and on this small investment of a dollar take his chances of making a neat round sum by the turn of fortune's wheel in his favor. There are a great many people in this city who invest a dollar or so quite regularly in this manner, content enough to watch and wait for the time when their luck may strike them, as it were, and during the week many thousand more than they may have spent. As is known, Crittenden T. Collings, teller of the Second National Bank, held one-fifth of the prize, and collected the same for the party who owned the ticket. When first questioned by a representative of *The Commercial*, several days since, in an interview, he stated that a syndicate of 10 had purchased the ticket, and that the $15,000 drawn would therefore be divided between them. Yesterday, however, he admitted that a well known and highly respected wholesale merchant on Main street had been the lucky man and that the money had been paid over to him, he having held one-fifth of ticket No. 902. The merchant, however, has positively prohibited Mr. Collings for allowing the use of his name from publication, not desiring for reasons of his own to have any notoriety on the subject.—*Louisville (Ky.) Commercial, March 1.*

Economy in Fertilizers.

The cheapest is not always the best. In fact, it is generally true that the cheapest is also the poorest. As a general rule you can not get "something for nothing," unless at some other man's expense. In fertilizers, however, there is such a wide margin for fraudulent mixtures that you can not always say the dearest is the best. It is like pepper. A man in New Orleans was asked what he did with all his cocoanut shells, and he said he sold hundreds of bushels to go North to be ground into pepper.

It is perhaps true, that ground bone dust at $50 per ton is cheap, but we know that ground raw limestone at $8 to $10 per ton is cheaper. A farmer in Maryland writes: "Your limestone cost me 67 cents per acre, by saving me enough to harvest the crop; this was on my poorest land." The reports from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Maryland, show that ground raw limestone was a great success in the crops of 1882, and it is estimated that one hundred times as much was used last fall as ever before. A single farmer, or two or three farmers together, can buy a machine for grinding the limestone for what they pay for other fertilizers in one season. Address TOTTEN & CO.,
167 Railroad street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, }
WEDNESDAY, March 14, 1883. }

TRADE.

Intelligence from the trade centers of the United States shows that there is a steady improvement in trade, and that the Spring trade will be an active one. The per centage of gains will be less than in 1882, yet the business will be done on a safe basis.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$ 2,292,300
Specie, decrease	3,813,200
Legal tenders, decrease	908,800
Deposits, decrease	7,842,500
Circulation, increase	64,000
Reserve, decrease	2,851,372

The banks now hold $3,166,150 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE, say money is loaning at 7@6 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 6@6½ per cent. Bar silver, 111⅜. Government Bonds firm. State Securities neglected. Railroad bonds irregular and generally a fraction higher. Stocks—After 11 o'clock the market was moderately active but generally weak, and at noon prices sold down ⅛@1 per cent. Reading, Wabash preferred, Lake Shore and Canada Southern leading in the decline. Sterling Exchange weak and nominal: $4 81½ for 60 days; sight, $4 84½.

Government Bonds—5s extended, 103½ bid; 4½s, 112¾; 4s, 119⅝; 3s, 104; Pacific 6s, '95, 128 bid.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	March 13.	March 6.
5's, extended	103½	103¼
4½'s, coupons	112½	112½
4's	119⅝	119
3's, registered	104	104⅛
Pacific 6's of '95	128	128

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week, No. 2 Red Wheat closed at 112¼c in this market; on Wednesday it declined to 111¾c; on Thursday it rose to 112c; on Friday it again weakened, 111c being the recorded value; on Saturday 111¾c was noted and on yesterday the closing rate was 111c, showing a decline during the week of 1¼c.

The grain markets of the United States were irregular during the past week, and toward the close were lower. For cash, the decline for the week ended Monday was 1½c on cash No. 2, 2c for April delivery, 3c for May, 2¾c for June, and 1¾c for July. Since last week there has been no repetition of the report that the Fall crop of wheat was killed. Winter killed. The story was started entirely too early for general credence, and as a result there are but few believers at present that the wheat has been injured to any extent. The outlook so far seems encouraging to farmers, although it is yet too early to speak confidently as to the real condition of the roots of the wheat. The prospects of another full harvest will have the tendency to keep prices down, but under the most favorable circumstances it